

The Sketch



No. 273.—VOL. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
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THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: MR. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY V.

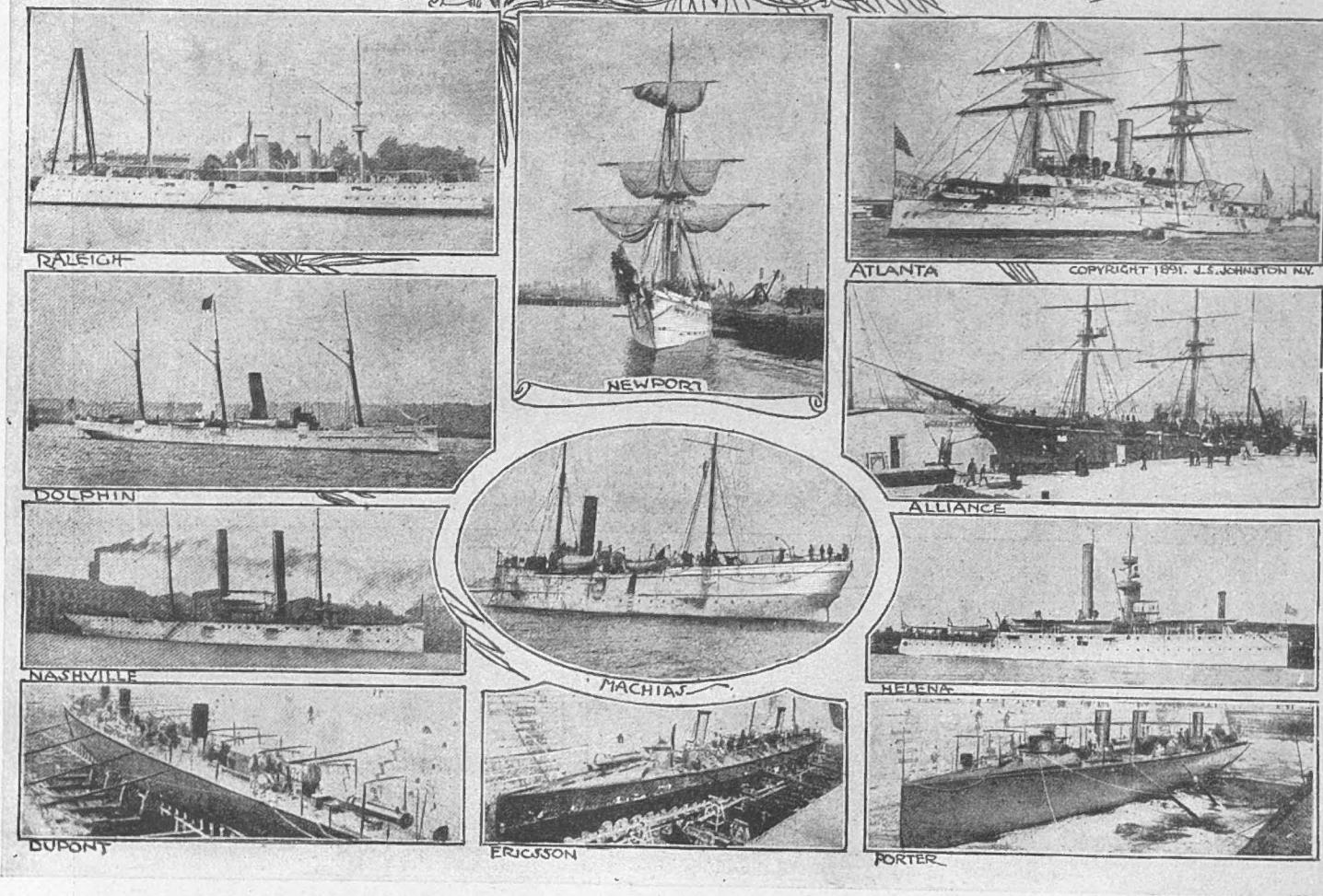
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FROM THE "NEW YORK HERALD."

THE GREAT CRISIS—AMERICA AND SPAIN.

[With a Description of New York's Fortifications by Our Special Correspondent, Miss Elizabeth Banks.]

War, war, war! New York has rung with it for weeks. The journals have crowded their pages, as only American journals can, with all sorts of imagined pictures of the crisis, while the authorities of New York have seen to it that the town shall be safe from the modern Armada.



SECRETARY LONG, CAPTAIN CROWNINSHIELD, AND
SECRETARY ROOSEVELT
DISCUSSING POINTS OF VANTAGE IN WAR.

From the "New York Herald."

bandage up broken heads, sprained ankles, and fractured legs. A member of the class submits herself as a "case" for the other members to experiment on. Then says the teacher—

"Now, suppose this young woman is an American soldier who has got shot in the leg by a Spaniard. You are on the battlefield, and you must do your duty. You will immediately probe for the bullet; so. Then you will take your white petticoat and tear it up into bandages and bind up the soldier's leg, spur him into action, and say, 'Shoot! Strike for your country and your sires and demolish the Spaniard!'"

Then from the Emergency Case class wild shouts of patriotism ring out. As soon as the *Maine* was blown up there was a rush of girls of every class to the hospitals, begging to be allowed to learn the profession of nursing, so that they might be ready for the war. When told that, before they could receive certificates, they must take a course of two years, they left the hospitals in disgust and began to form First Aid to the Injured classes. Some of these girls have even bought real skeletons with their pin-money, in order to properly study the anatomy of the human body while they are practising the binding-up of wounds. Lint-Picking Classes are also the fashionable thing. They take the place of dancing classes and afternoon teas.

Not to be left out of getting ready for war, the school-children are also doing their part. They are formed into companies, wearing magnificent uniforms, and are known as the American Guard. Every afternoon they go through their drills. Every day there is a patriotic exercise in the schools. This has been the custom for several years; but

Even at recess, during their play, they do not forget the all-important subject. The most popular game is that of "War with Spain." The boys form themselves into American and Spanish companies, and then fight. It is always very difficult to find boys who are willing to take the part of Spaniards, even to help along the game. Only boys of a very heroic temperament, willing to be kicked and cuffed and horribly misused, will pretend to be "Spanish." In the game of war with Spain the Spanish forces are always led by the boy-King in person. During my walks abroad, I have more than once felt called upon to interfere in behalf of a battered-looking youngster.

But these are not our only preparations. Housewives are beginning to economise, in order to get along as economically as possible when the war is on. By the way, I stood behind a woman at the Jefferson Market the other Saturday night. She wanted onions, and when the dealer offered her some, saying, "These, Ma'am, are first-class Spanish onions," she drew herself up majestically and replied, "None of your impudence, young man. Don't offer me Spanish onions, or anything else that's Spanish, if you don't want your ears boxed." We have all read in our United States histories about the patriotism of our foremothers a century ago, who "egged" on our forefathers into throwing the tea of contention into Boston Harbour, and thereafter drank a concoction of dried mulberry-leaves. Well, the same spirit of feminine patriotism is again abroad in the land in this year 1898. Why, the woman who would appear at a social gathering wearing Spanish lace on her gown would



BUFFALO BILL WANTS TO DRIVE THE
SPANIARDS FROM CUBA WITH 30,000 BRAVES.

From the "New York World."

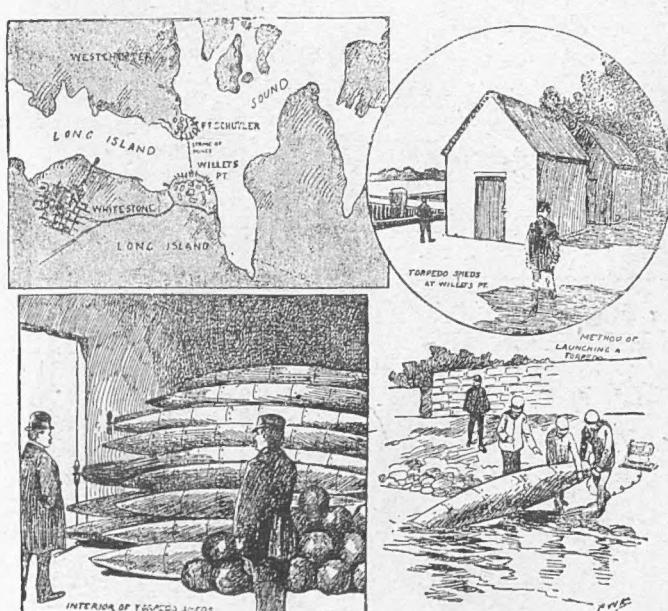
cut by every
citizen.
very shocking
rounds of the
circles. A well-
lady, Mrs.
has been get-
private theatri-
benefit of a
tution. While
Culver had
Spanish dance,
to appear as a
in the drawing-
of her friend's
young brother
that to appear
Spanish at this
in our national
make herself
but she heeded
the evening of

the entertainment, when Mrs. Culver appeared, dressed in her fetching Spanish costume, what was the horror of her spectators to see her whirling about the improvised platform with the legend pinned to the back of her skirt "To Hell with Spain!" The poor lady was utterly blameless in the matter, however. Her brother, a Princeton "undergrad," had surreptitiously stolen up behind her and pinned the placard to her skirt just as she was leaving the dressing-room.

THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CORRESPONDENT.

In anticipation of the war, the *Illustrated London News* despatched Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, the artist, to the front on Friday, accompanied by Mr. George Lynch, who represents the *Daily Chronicle*. This will be the fifth campaign Mr. Wright has been employed in during eighteen months. He was at Ashanti, he went through the last Soudan struggle, he was at Benin, and he was attached to the Greek Army in that disastrous struggle with Turkey. Mr. Wright goes to Washington first, and hopes to get attached to the American forces—he does not want to have anything to do with a "defeated army," he says.

Mr. Wright is well qualified to act in a naval campaign, for, like many another Cornishman, he began his career as a midshipman in our Navy, having taken the first prize for drawing in the *Britannia*. And he knows that disturbed part of the world which Cuba has kept so lively, for as a mere boy he took part (on board H.M.S. *Galatea*) in the attack on Cape Haitien, San Domingo. Then he left the Navy, hunted for gold in America, and for diamonds in South Africa, and, after serving as banker there, he returned to England in 1876, and studied art in Paris. About ten years ago his drawings attracted the attention of Sir William Ingram and Mr. Charles Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, and since then he has been employed on the staff of the oldest illustrated paper in the world. "I owe all my success to this," says Mr. Wright, "and I hope to reward them with good service in this great crisis."



THIS SHOWS THAT NEW YORK IS ENTIRELY SAFE FROM ANY HOSTILE FLEET.
From the "New York World."

now the whole of the time devoted to this is given over to discussing the blowing-up of the *Maine* and our relations and responsibilities to Cuba. During the drawing exercises the boys amuse themselves in picturing American battleships, and the "compositions" they write are all upon the subject of war with Spain.



SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT AND MR. PINERO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

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SMALL TALK.

While America has been talking wildly over Cuba, Sir Herbert Kitchener has been silently narrowing the distance that lies between us and Khartoum, where Gordon fell fourteen years ago. In view of that great beckoning fact, Madame Tussaud's have done the appropriate thing in modelling the last scene of the great Pasha in wax. By his conduct of the campaign the Sirdar has increased his reputation more than any of our soldiers of recent years. True, he has had excellent troops, for the appearance of the Cameron and the Seaforth Highlanders was altogether inspiring. You have only to look at the tug-of-war team of the latter to see the stuff they are made of.

The death of Captain Urquhart of the Camerons is lamentable from the fact that he is the last of his line, which gave the remarkable Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty to the seventeenth century. Captain Urquhart leaves an only sister, Mrs. Duff, of Hatton, Aberdeenshire, who will probably inherit his estates at Meldrum, which are not far from the Haddo property of Lord Aberdeen, to whom he was Aide-de-Camp in Canada. Captain Urquhart's cousin is Mr. H. H. Champion, the Socialist, who was originally in the Royal Artillery.

The Battle of the Atbara and the consequent reopening of the Soudan will have a wonderful effect upon the English markets, and will bring to many men their first sight of fortune; but the bulk of the wealth has been secured by the sharp financiers of Alexandria and Cairo, who when things were at their worst bought huge tracts of land in the interior, wherever they were offered for sale, at little more than rubbish prices. Much land in civilised occupation was of comparatively no value while that modern Torquemada, the Khalifa Abdullahi, ruled undisturbed at Omdurman. Out in Egypt the opinion was that England would reassert herself sooner or later, and it was thought that the escape of Father Ohrwalder and Slatin Pasha from Omdurman would do much

to aid the work of the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army of Occupation. This opinion was expressed to me when I was in Egypt, before the advance had been decided upon, but not before some rumour of the Government's intentions had filtered through to the keen cosmopolitan financiers who speculate with millions as more modest men do with hundreds. Whatever their fortune, it must be conceded that they have waited for it patiently.

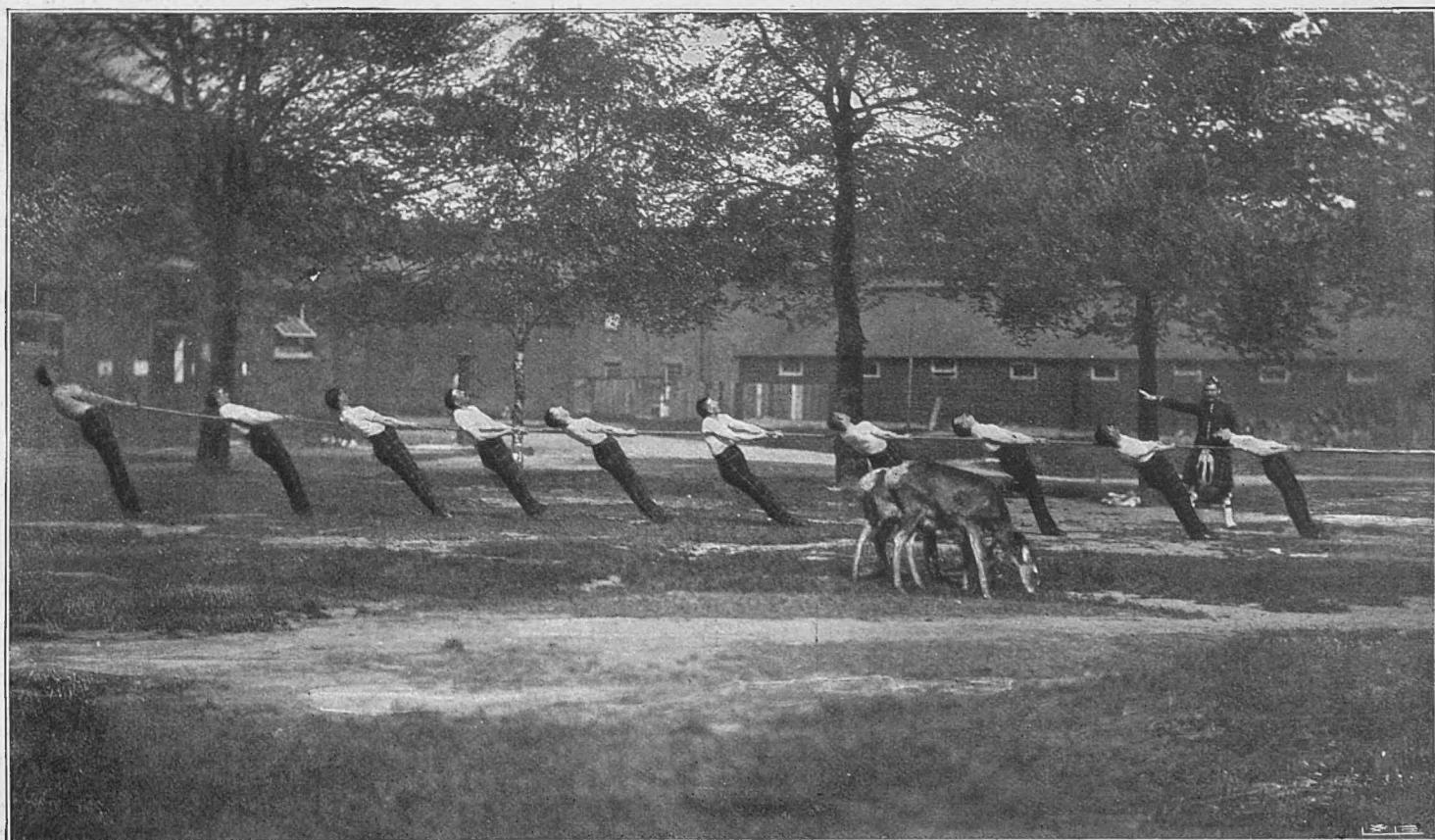
In connection with the recent note as to the repatriation of the 100th Regiment (Royal Canadians), it may be noted, as perhaps a happy inspiration on the part of the War Office, that the 2nd Battalion (the old 109th) having been ordered to Jamaica, owing to the West India Regiment being engaged elsewhere, the 1st Battalion is to take its place at Halifax, Nova Scotia. It is such an unusual thing for the battalions of a regiment to follow each other in this manner that the move seems to point to the "Royal Canadians" being restored to the land of the regiment's birth.

The question of the employment of men of the Army Reserve has been much discussed of late, and is really the most important factor in connection with the short-service system. It is encouraging to find that the appeals addressed to the municipal bodies and County Councils have been crowned with some measure of success. Applications from employers of labour for the services of Reserve men have largely increased, and the pressure brought to bear on the Post Office, Custom House, and other public offices, has also been of assistance. The railway companies appear to have done more than any other employers of labour, for some eleven thousand Reserve men are



THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM, AS MODELLED IN WAX AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

now in their employ. His discipline and general training should make the old soldier specially valuable as a railway official, or, indeed, as a servant of any sort. The usual objection of employers is that the Reserve man is liable to be called away to military duties at any time. Well, this objection applies to all of us in a somewhat different way, and the sterling qualities of the soldier may be considered a set-off.



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS' TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, WITH THE PETS OF THE REGIMENT GRAZING AT HAND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

It was thirty years on the 12th inst. since the Marquis of Salisbury succeeded to his title and estates. When he went to the House of Lords, there was, in the words of a chronicler of the day, a "curious burst of public lamentation." Lord Salisbury lost nothing, however, in asserting his individuality in that exalted Chamber, and from the first he refused to regard it as "a mere echo and supple tool" of the other House. Ten years later—in 1878—he succeeded Lord Derby as Foreign Secretary in circumstances not unlike the present. There was then, as now, great jealousy of Russia. It was feared that in her quarrel with Turkey she might obtain a firm grasp of Constantinople. A despatch was sent to St. Petersburg in terms identical with those quoted by Mr. Balfour in his China statement. After the fall of Plevna, Lord Derby addressed a despatch to the Czar's Government expressing the hope that, if the Russians advanced south of the Balkans, no attempt would be made to occupy Constantinople or the Dardanelles, and adding, in the same phraseology which was adopted a week or two ago, that, if any such attempt were made, "the Queen's Government must hold themselves free to take whatever course might appear to them necessary for the protection of British interests." The course which the Queen's Government decided upon was too bold and provocative in the opinion of Lord Derby. He resigned and Lord Salisbury took his place, the first act of the new Foreign Secretary being the despatch of a circular which produced a profound impression in Europe and induced Russia to modify her policy.

The third Earl of Strafford, who died recently, delivered his maiden speech in the House of Commons (where he sat for twenty-two years, first as Mr. Byng and afterwards as Viscount Enfield) in the same debate as Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury. They had been at Eton and Christ Church together, and when they spoke from opposite sides of the House in the debate on Lord John Russell's Universities Bill, in April 1854, Mr. Gladstone, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, united them in a compliment. He referred to them as members "whose first efforts, rich with future promise, indicate that there still issue forth from the maternal bosom of the University men who in the first days of their career give earnest of what they may afterwards accomplish for their country."

At a breakfast *intime* given by the Prince of Wales on the Riviera last week the merriment of the select party assembled was not a little added to by some unrehearsed steeplechasing between a couple of lobsters which had been fished out of a tank by the Crown Princess of Roumania. Mrs. George Keppel backed one aquatic Pegasus and the Princess another. The royal stable did not live up to its honours,

same flowers. Only three ladies were invited, the Crown Princess of Roumania, the Countess Torby, and Hon. Mrs. George Keppel. The remaining guests were chosen from his Royal Highness's intimate friends of the opposing gender.

Royalty, indeed, has been far afield. Thus Prince Alexander of Teck has been at Pretoria on a visit to Mr. Conyngham Greene, her Majesty's

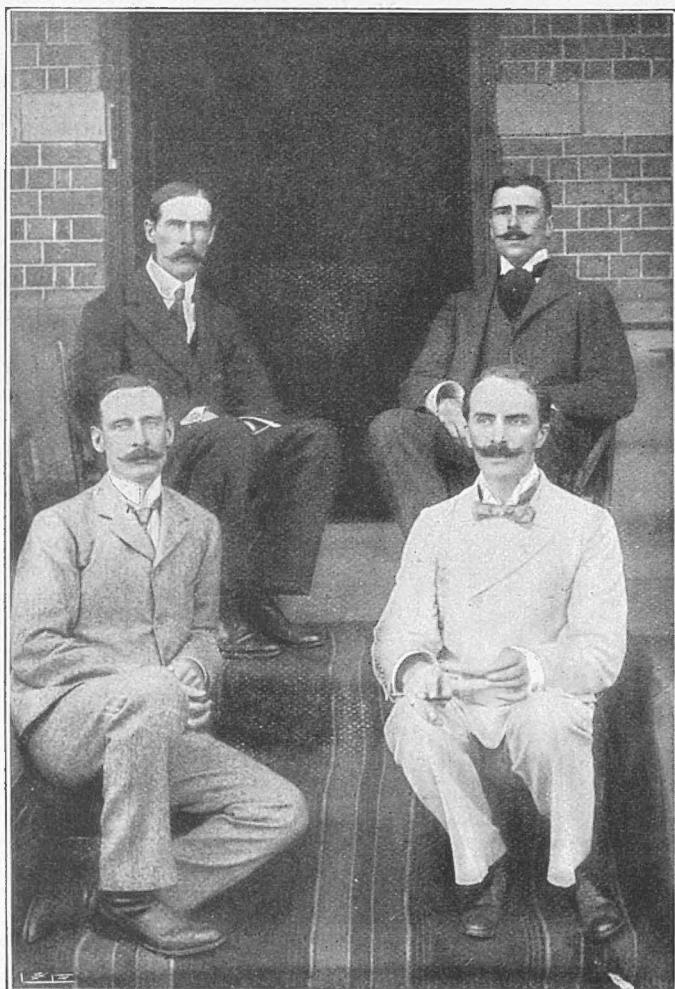


KING EDWARD VI., WHOSE BONES ARE DISTURBING THE PEOPLE OF WINDSOR.

Agent there. Readers will recognise the Prince seated beside Mr. Greene. Mr. Fraser, Secretary at the British Agency, and Captain Norton, A.D.C. to the Prince, sit at their feet like a pair of Gamaliels.

"Is it King Edward VI.?" That is the question which is agitating placid Windsor at the moment. The "Soldiers' Bishop," the Rev. Arthur Robins, holds the opinion that the body recently disinterred in preparing the new Great Western Railway station yard at the back of Layton's—the confectioner's which we all knew so well when we were "happy boys at Eton"—may be that of the Boy-King, and the reason which he gives for the faith that is in him is that the late Sir Henry Ponsonby told him that the historians were all wrong in saying that Edward was buried in Westminster Abbey, and that in reality his body was stolen *en route* to Windsor, and no man knew whither it was conveyed. Local opinion is much divided. Loth to admit the discovery of a mare's nest, there are still many who would like to see Mr. Robins' theory proved. Meantime, perhaps the accompanying portrait may help those who saw the body to come to a correct conclusion. Sketches made on the spot show the trench in which the coffins were found, the inner coffin opened, showing some of the sawdust covering the remains, a copper handle and nail, much corroded, and other details. The face was covered by a mask of waxed linen, and the head was completely hairless—a detail which makes for the Edward VI. theory, as the young King's hair fell off some time before his death, after an attack of small-pox. The hands and feet are said by a correspondent, who sends me the sketches, to be as small and delicate as those of a woman. Altogether, opinion may well be divided about what is perhaps most aptly called the Windsor "mystery."

Florence is *en fête* this week with a whole-hearted vengeance which must charm and astonish the thousands of *stranieri* from all parts and places who have been crowding in to see the fêtes in honour of Amerigo Vespucci's fourth centenary. On Sunday, following the great parade of cycling clubs in the Palazzo Vecchio, a most impressive and gorgeous display of fireworks gladdened the hearts of spectacle-loving Florentines in the Great Square of Michael Angelo. To-day, a state performance of "Saul" at the Salvino Theatre will be given in the presence of the King and Queen. On Sunday a National Regatta will make gorgeous with colour the classic Arno, while in the evening a most unsabbatical entertainment is announced, which will take the novel form of a competitive exhibition and decoration of the city shop-windows. "In describing these wild excitements, one cannot help thinking," writes my correspondent, "of the dramatic possibilities and shocked uprisings of eyelids such a Sunday recreation would cause in town." Great preparations are being made for the historical costume ball to be held on Tuesday next in the Palazzo Vecchio. Paris and even London dressmakers have commissions for the correct copies of national costumes.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK IN PRETORIA.

however, but ignominiously fell off the plank into its native element before the winning-post was reached. At this breakfast, which was laid for fifteen, Neapolitan violets and Maréchal Niel roses made a liberal and lovely decoration, each lady's plate being served with a posy of the

At the festivities presently to be held at Florence in commemoration of Vespucci and Toscanella, the early voyagers to America, will be given a representation of the old Florentine game, the *Calcio*. This was a sort of football, its dictionary explanation being, "It is a game Properly used in Florence, of Football in a ranged battle, as it were." In the celebrated collection of the Triumphs, Masks, &c., descriptive of the various Trades and Pleasures of Florence, is a stirring invitation to the *Calcio*. The first two lines may be Englished thus—

To the field, to the field, where the *Calcio* is playing;
No game is so rich for the youth that is agile.

Like the "Rugger" and "Soccer" players of modern days, he of the *Calcio* was chosen for his dexterity. The quintessence of bad play was to throw the ball with the hand and make a miss.

That luxury may be shorn of no details on the Riviera and the epicurean justified of his appetite, it is now made possible by various astute *maîtres d'hôtel* for their guests to see the oyster or lobster or sole which shall subsequently please their palates all alive oh! in the spacious tanks which adjoin most of these noted establishments. Here you can, in fact, particularise your prey as it swims about, all unconscious of the destination to which it is devoted, and, should a special fancy strike you for one mollusc or monster above another, you have but to point it out to the obliging *chef* or his satellite to feel sure that you and it shall meet again.

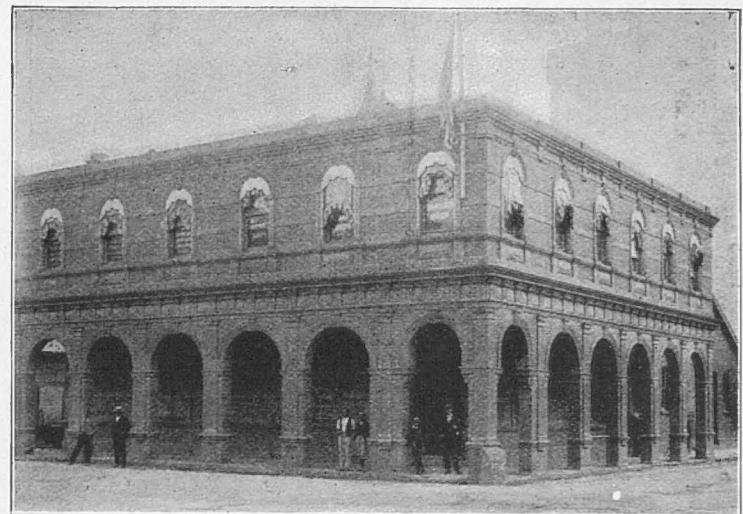
It may be remembered that a few years back the Prince of Montenegro wrote a drama in couplets, entitled "The Empress of the Balkans." Since then the marriage of his daughter Hélène to the Crown Prince of Italy has lent point to this effort of the Prince-playwright, Nicholas I. of Montenegro. An Italian Colonel and his son, named Valle, made an Italian rendering of this in prose, with the songs in verse, thus altering the drama into a sort of vaudeville.

Quite recently a faithful Italian translation of the Serb original has been executed by one of the many foreigners who have had recourse to the Tuscan tongue. This is from the pen of Monsignor Cav. de Pavissich, Canon of his native place of Macarsca, and domestic Prelate to Leo XIII., who has passed his jubilee as a priest. The Adriatic before now has been crossed both by Italian warriors and by Greek and Dalmatian scholars, and the memory of the great Albanian, Scanderbeg, is still kept alive in Italy. The Black Mountain may yet give an heir-presumptive to King Humbert. The title and theme of Prince Nicholas's play, I should note, are akin to the name and subject, respectively, of one of Mr. Allen Upward's romances and of François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," Englished by Mr. John Davidson for Mr. Forbes-Robertson.

The American Consul-General at Havana, General Fitzhugh Lee, whose name has lately been on everyone's lips, was formerly Major-General in the Confederate Army, and is grandson of a celebrated fighter of the Revolutionary era. Both he and his wife (*née* Ellen Bernard) are Virginians of the Virginians, and live at Lynchburg, Virginia.

A Spaniard writes to me apropos of the German idea of our Navy which I illustrated the other day—

First you put America, 15,425 men, and you have a sailor, say, one inch tall, and then Spain you say has 302 men more, and the sailor representing them is, say, half-an-inch. Then Spain has many more destroyers and torpedo-boats than America. Of course, you will say to this that it is "seen through German eyes," but then you should not copy what you know is incorrect. Then you



COLONNADE BUILDINGS, WHERE MR. WOOLF JOEL WAS MURDERED.

Photo by Stanley Richards, Johannesburg.

know well that the Spanish officers and men are a thousand times better than the American. All you say about men being paid irregularly and about a leakage in the handling of the money is untrue. We have no such ship as the *Ocendo*; perhaps you mean the *Osado*. The American ship *Kearsarge* is not, *I think*, doing service. As an admirer of your paper, I hope no more blunders will appear in your by every other way valuable paper.

I am not surprised to read of an extensive conspiracy in Pekin and of attempts upon the life of the wily Li Hung Chang. Some merchants who do a very large trade with China and are in constant communication with the great cities and treaty ports have been telling me strange stories about the amiable Heathen Chinee whose visit to the European capitals created so much amusement and interest. They say that no doubt exists in the minds of well-informed Chinamen that Mr. L. H. Chang received two million sterling from Russia in return for his services in securing Port Arthur for the Muscovites, and one million sterling for helping England to Wei-hai-wei. These statements may be false or exaggerated, but of the belief with which sharp business-men regard them there is no doubt. People who have had dealings with the great Chinaman say that he has fewer scruples than a Rand financier, that his methods are worse than brutal, and that he only lives to amass wealth.

The misfortune which attaches itself to some families respects wealth no more than personality or ancient lineage. Within but a few months of the sudden end of Barney Barnato, the kindly South African millionaire, his nephew, who inherited the bulk of his wealth, was stricken down by a half-crazy assassin. The story of the end of Woolf Joel is too recent to require telling. There is one circumstance in connection with the end of the young millionaire which is worthy of note. It might be said, indeed, that he achieved greater notoriety after death than during life, inasmuch as his is, I believe, the only instance on record of a body having failed to turn up at its appointed funeral. The ceremony was fixed for Monday last week, and a goodly crowd collected at Willesden Cemetery to pay the last tribute of sympathy; but the departed remained absent, and it leaked out that the crew of the vessel in which the body was to be brought to England refused to take it on board, and that the boat had to sail without it. I understand that means were found for sending the body by the succeeding steamer, and that it has arrived and will be placed at rest by the time these lines appear.



THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

This map shows the territory that would be affected by an attack on Cuba. England's interests would be involved by reason of the contiguity of Jamaica.

Reproduced from the New York Tribune."

The legend of the "life-saving pig," recounted in *The Sketch* of Dec. 15, "gets up the back" of a humorous correspondent, who writes affectionately to "Dear Sketch" from Moruya, Australia, to give him some particulars anent the pig and the *Kameruka* wreck. Now, I would not be so ungenerous as to suggest, like the lawyer in the case of



BREAKFAST-TIME.

Mordecai the Jew, whom the pig upset in the time-honoured recitation, that my correspondent "does not come into court with clean hands," but he certainly is biased against the porcine tribe. I like him all the better, however, for his candour in confessing to his Australian abhorrence of Chinamen and pigs before he ruthlessly destroys the romantic tale of Porker posing as a candidate for the Humane Society's medal. The pleasing or displeasing fiction, it appears, was started by the cartoonist of the *Sydney Bulletin*, Mr. L. Hopkins. It is true the pig was tried by the *Kameruka*'s crew, among a host of other expedients, for getting the life-line ashore, but the two gallant grumpies who were despatched shoreward became bacon in the attempt. Finally, the line was floated ashore on life-belt corks. To secure it, the local pilot plunged into the surf, was so severely buffeted that he became unconscious, and would have been drowned but for the plucky conduct of a Miss Maclean, who dragged him ashore. Both have received the Royal Humane Society's medal.

The intellectual capacity of the domestic pig has been recognised for at least a century. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes of the English People," speaks of the sensation caused by exhibition of "a large unwieldy hog" who spelt words with lettered cards at the bidding of his "tormentor." His figure is not suited to performance of feats athletic or acrobatic, and the performing pig is generally a "learned pig," whose mind has been cultivated while his physical education has been ignored. The pigs whose accomplishments earn them the distinction of appearance in *The Sketch* are, therefore, rather exceptional. In New York recently some very clever pigs were exhibited in a "dime museum"; one of the troupe could play *euchre*, and knew how to use a good

hand of cards; he could also do sums in addition, correctly adding any two numbers whose total did not exceed twenty; another could tell the time by watch, and a third, of musical proclivity, played "Home, Sweet Home," and other simple tunes, on hand- or mouth-bells; a fourth pig played the mouth-organ, but I cannot consider preference for that instrument anything to his credit. There can be no doubt that, if man made a friend and companion of the pig, the animal would develop an intelligence quite equal to the dog's. We all know that on the Continent pigs are trained to find truffles by scent, and, as a matter of fact, the pig has as good a nose as a pointer. Some years ago a gentleman in Hampshire train'd a sow to find partridges, and used to shoot over her regularly. It is worth noting that the eye of the pig more nearly than that of any other beast resembles the human eye.

So far as can be ascertained, there is only one specimen of this animal, the gaur (or bison, as Anglo-Indian sportsmen call it), in captivity in Europe, and perhaps in the world. It belongs to Captain D. Patton Bethune, who brought it home last month from Malaya, where it is known as the Sladang. The Zoological Society had a young bull of this



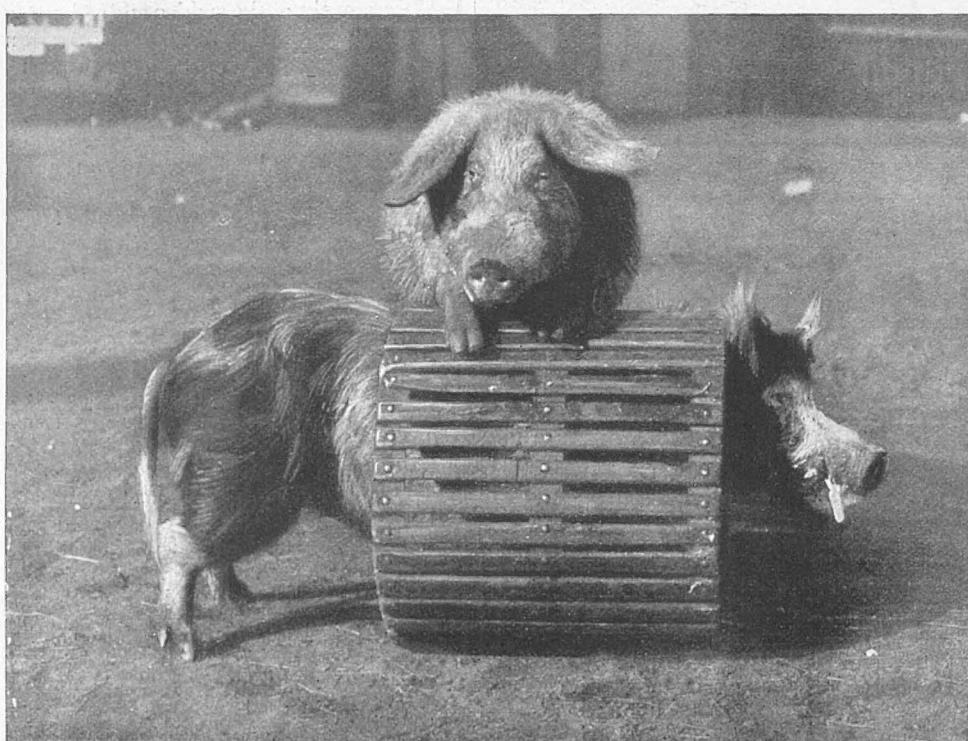
THE GAUR.

species, which was presented by Sir Cecil Clementi Smith in October 1889, and lived for a year or two in the Regent's Park Gardens. I hope longer life is in store for Captain Patton Bethune's importation, but these animals do not thrive in captivity, though calves caught young speedily grow very tame, losing all their fear of man. Major Rodon, of the Royal Scots, caught a bull-calf a week old when on a shooting trip in the Nellampathy Hills, Cochin, in August 1892, and described it in the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society* in December 1894; it

was brought up by a cow, and its greatest friends were two fox-terriers; whether it still lives I do not know. Many attempts have been made to domesticate the gaur in India, but all have failed for some reason unexplained. It is as a game animal that it is most appreciated. The bull is a magnificent creature, standing often five feet ten inches at the shoulder. It is not particularly wary, but is sometimes a dangerous foe when wounded.

Should the owner of a catapult be made to pay gun licence is a question which has been much debated from time to time, to the concern of schoolboys, and still more of their fathers. It is about as difficult a matter to decide as the difference between real pistols and toy pistols; but it appears to me that a catapult so efficient that in the hands of a poacher it will kill rabbits is undoubtedly an "engine" within the meaning of the game laws, and, as such, should subscribe its ten shillings to the Revenue.

Only experienced gamekeepers know how much game can be, and is, killed by poachers armed with catapults and pebbles. It is an ideal weapon for unlawful sport, silent as an air-gun, and instantly concealable in the pocket when keepers or other authorities appear on the scene. The Hampshire magistrates fined a man for trespassing in the New Forest in search of game the other day. A dead rabbit found in his pocket proved the case, and a catapult in another pocket explained the death of the rabbit. That sort of catapult seems to require legislation.

PERFORMING PIGS.
Photo by Barton, New York.

This picture of a children's ball was taken during a dance of the Berlin Polka, while the movement and action were going on. The exposure by artificial light was about one-sixtieth of a second.



DANCING THE BERLIN POLKA AT NORTHAMPTON HOUSE, Highbury.
Instantaneous Photo by Russell, Windsor.

A few days ago the sale was announced of some of the harnesses which had been ordered in 1873 for the coronation of Henri V. of France (the Comte de Chambord). There were only a few of the harnesses, for most of them were sold ten years ago, at the death of the Comte de Damas. The exiled heir to the throne of France conferred on that nobleman the post of Master of the Horse. The Comte, who was devotedly attached to his master and an excellent judge of a horse, took the matter *au grand sérieux* and lost no time in ordering equipages which should be worthy to play their part at the coronation of a great monarch. For many years in the stables of the Château d'Hautefort, the seat of the Comte de Damas, sixteen magnificent white horses might be seen, and near them splendid harnesses in royal French-blue leather encrusted with silver and bearing the monogram "H" and a crown. The postilions were there too, always ready, with their blue liveries and powdered wigs. The Comte de Damas, however, almost ruined himself for the cause of the unlucky Henri V., for as long as possible he kept the horses and postilions in case the King should come to his own again. At last necessity compelled him to part with them, but he still kept the harnesses, and they were not sold till after his death some years ago.

To what lengths filial piety is carried in Germany may be seen from the following advertisement, culled from the columns of a well-known Berlin daily—

I am seeking for my father, who is at the head of an important commercial firm, a suitable wife; either a widow of ripe years or else a young girl possessing some fortune. Please address answers to the following initials, &c.

If in future we are to be allowed to choose our fathers' second wives, the dread word "step-mother" will soon lose all its terrors, and next-century children will scoff at the story of Cinderella.

Italian papers announce that a curious document has recently been discovered among the archives of a Venetian convent. This is a diary of the year 1542, written by an envoy from Candia to the Venetian Republic. In this diary there are a great many interesting historical facts. The most interesting part of the manuscript is, however, the story of the Moor of Venice, who was a personal friend of the writer's. The tale of the arrival of Othello in the city of the Doges, his military career, his marriage, his departure for Cyprus, his end—all are related in the narrative. The Moor of this story seems, however, to be very different from Shakspere's hero. As to Desdemona, the envoy from Candia assures us that she outlived her husband many years. The next thing we shall hear is that it was she who smothered Othello with a pillow. Of course, it is a relief to find that Othello was not quite as black as he was painted, but even the most humane among us will be sorry to see another of our fairy-tales vanish into thin air.

The late Mr. French, so well known to professional players and to amateurs, whose business in the Strand has existed for many a long year, it having been formed by his predecessor, the late Mr. Lacy, was familiarly known as "Uncle," which in itself speaks volumes for his popularity. In the huge collection of dramatic literature that crowds the rooms and

shelves of Mr. French's premises I do not doubt that there must repose many a rare book the existence of which is never dreamed of even by the owner. I know of one case in which a treasure was obtained from French's for the modest sum of one shilling, supplemented, perhaps, by something for the employé who made search for it. The treasure in question was the "Oedipus Tyrannus; or, Swellfoot the Tyrant," published anonymously by Shelley in 1820. This tragedy in two acts gave terrible offence to George IV. and his Ministers (Castlereagh, Eldon, and Wellington), who were mercilessly attacked, and the publication was, I believe, sternly suppressed. Besides the copy so fortunately obtained by its owner, I fancy there are only two or three known to exist, and I do not think the British Museum possesses one.

Beardsley enthusiasts may be glad to know that an account of his schooldays is given in *Past and Present* (for April), which is the magazine of the Grammar School at Brighton. It is the best account of Beardsley I have seen. One of the most curious things in *Past and Present* is this announcement—

If you receive your magazine in a white wrapper, your subscription is paid for 1898; blue wrapper, your subscription for 1898 is due; red wrapper, your subscription for 1898 is due, and you owe also for the preceding year or years.

Miss Ilda Orme, the young American actress, has a weird story. She was mysteriously shot in Keppel Street last September, and was subsequently put into Colney Hatch, from which she has just been released. Miss Orme once paid me a visit, and left her picture, which I give here. She declares that eleven years ago she was engaged to the youngest son of a Boston millionaire, whose parents objected to the match, and made him marry someone else. On the death of his wife he persuaded her to be married to him privately until he could marry her openly. His parents discovered what had happened, and ever since then she has been "the victim of a series of attempts to drive her into the gutter or the grave."

She has been telling a *Daily Mail* man that, a week after this Keppel Street incident (it was the sixth attempt on her life), she was invited to Bow Street to identify her assailant. Instead of going there she was taken to the insane ward of the St. Giles's Workhouse, put into a padded room, and then taken to Colney Hatch. About the middle of February she was removed to Fisherton House, Salisbury, but by that time had communicated with her people, and her sister came over to England.



THIS LADY HAS A REMARKABLE STORY.

Photo by Falk, New York

She immediately appealed to the American Ambassador, and upon his intervention the Home Secretary ordered her release. She declares that the authorities at the lunatic asylum have retained possession of some of her property, and all her correspondence has been tampered with.

The finding of a silver paten within the stone coffin of Walter de Cantelupe, who was Bishop of Worcester in 1236, is an event of more than everyday antiquarian interest, and the plate in question is in such a remarkable state of preservation that, despite its immurement of more than six hundred years, it was used by Canon Teignmouth Shore on



THE CANTELUPE PATEN.
Photo by Maytum, Worcester.

Lady Day last during the celebration of Holy Communion in the Lady Chapel of Worcester Cathedral. It is noteworthy that this is by no means the first paten which has been found concealed in an ancient coffin, and it is an open question whether the custom of putting these utensils to such a use was not at one time common. There are, for example, a number of ancient patens of remarkable workmanship to be seen at York Minster, which were taken out of the tombs of the bishops buried within that ancient fane. Another rare specimen is in the possession of Trinity College, Oxford, and yet another is treasured at West Drayton. The material of which the plates are made is generally inferior, but their use is beyond question and suggests that the patens employed by bishops in the olden time were buried with them.

I have no strong views about cremation, but a general idea that it is more wholesome to be burnt after death than to be handed over to the congregation of politic worms. Sir Francis Seymour Haden thinks differently. He says there will be no effectual safeguard against secret poisoning if bodies can no longer be exhumed for medical examination. This seems a strong case, and I wondered how Sir Henry Thompson, who is a great authority on cremation, would meet it. His answer sends a chill of terror through my veins. The art of poisoning is reaching such perfection that very soon it will be impossible to trace any poison in a dead body after a few hours! When a malignant science attains that point, exhumation will be useless. Cremation or no cremation, says Sir Henry Thompson, the law must enforce "a complete autopsy" in every case, and after that it will not matter to the ends of justice whether the body be buried or cremated. I admire the fearsome skill with which Sir Henry Thompson has trumped Sir Francis Seymour Haden's trick. But just think what it implies! Poisoners will become more numerous when poisons are more subtle. There is a certain honesty in prussic acid. Arsenic has a really free and open nature. But the Lucrezia Borgia or Brinvilliers who may come to tea, and drop something in the tea-pot when your wife is not looking, will use a poison of such desperate cunning that the tea-pot will finish off your family and a large circle of friends without exciting suspicion or leaving the smallest trace of its devilry in the tissues of its victims!

As for cremation, I like the idea of being reduced to ashes and preserved in an urn. This vessel (which will always be porcelain in the best families) ought to stand on the mantelpiece, and be decorated with flowers of the season. Roses apparently blooming out of my mortal dust will naturally turn the conversation to Omar Khayyám, and to an apt quotation from FitzGerald. It will be understood, of course, in the household that the urn is not to be used for cigar-ends. Indeed, I have no fear of any callous and cynical abuse of a beautiful idea. When the dead are hidden away in unvisited graveyards, they are often forgotten, even the dearest; but the urn would be always eloquent of the departed, and its contents would be reverenced by future generations as the Chinese reverence their ancestors. A man would be entitled to public esteem according to the number of his ancestral urns. He could swear

by them in Parliamentary debate, and exhibit them to the populace at election time. These advantages of cremation ought to outweigh, in every æsthetic mind, even the dangers painted by Sir Francis Seymour Haden.

A certain Frenchman having written a book to show that the Anglo-Saxons are superior to the French, another Frenchman, M. Jules Lemaître, critic and Academician, has given himself the mission of consoling his astonished and very properly indignant countrymen by writing a play, now on the boards of the Gymnase, to show that, on the contrary, the English are morally weak. The characters in this play are a married priest with six daughters and another priest engaged to be married. If the condition of these priests to the English reader seems commonplace, there is only a proof the more that the English are eccentric; to the French it is genuinely shocking. Your Latin finds a ridiculous discrepancy between sacerdotal functions and the preoccupations of husband, father, and fiancé. The six daughters give themselves up to flirting under the complacent eye of their priestly father, and the "business" is made up of promiscuous kissing, accompanied and sanctioned, as it were, by appropriate verses from the Bible—manners that every French child six years old knows to be characteristically English.

It is true the author pretends all this to happen in France, and amiably puts the audience to the alternative of believing that these English names and these manners so little French are a natural part of the Protestant faith; but, *noblesse oblige*, and if mere mortals should be polite, how much more an Immortal! M. Lemaître, who, by his own confession, knows so little of the English that he cannot speak a word of the tongue, and has never set foot across the Channel, has all the courtesy of a Frenchman. He has illustrated with the most gracious of manners the French thesis that English priests are constrained to marry because Luther fell in love, and that the English people were cruelly forced to embrace a religion that mingles promiscuous kissing with quotations from the Bible because a wicked king wanted to embrace a new wife.

There can be no doubt about it—a nation in such case is morally weak, even if it does belt the earth, and in picturing the fact on the boards the eminent Academician has deserved well, and effectually plastered the wounds of his countrymen.

Lord Borthwick and Mr. H. E. S. Holt have just returned from a tour through Hants and Surrey on one of the Daimler Motor Company's carriages. On the whole, the roads were fairly good, and they easily maintained an average of between fifty and sixty miles a-day, and that though they rarely rode more than half-a-day, starting usually between twelve and one o'clock. As Mr. Holt says, no horses in the world could do this for any length of time. So far, the "sportsman" has left the motor-car severely alone, as an unclean thing of the worst character and no recommendations to speak of, but when once he has realised that motor-car travelling is not only a quick and cheap way of getting about, but is also a really exhilarating form of sport, especially in countries where there is



A TOUR THROUGH HANTS AND SURREY ON A MOTOR-CAR.

no limit as to speed, he will probably modify his views. Mr. Holt urges that autocar drivers should show the greatest possible consideration to horses and their drivers. Nothing can bring autocars into greater discredit than for the owners to rush wildly along the roads heedless of the effect they produce on horse-drawn traffic they pass,

Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, who has just been elected Chairman of the London Institute of Journalists, is one of the most popular men in the journalistic profession. He is associated with *Punch*, and only the other day contributed a very able article concerning the *Punch* staff in the pages of the new magazine, *St. Peter's*. He is the son of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, who was one of the first members of the *Punch* staff, and is, perhaps, even better known as the author of "The Comic History of England." Mr. A'Beckett has a very wide knowledge of most phases of journalism, and a chat with him over his reminiscences is, to any journalist of a somewhat younger period, a positive education. Mr. A'Beckett will celebrate his chairmanship by a dinner, given on St. George's Day—Shakspeare's Birthday—where, in compliance with a request which I have expressed elsewhere in these columns, I am quite sure that every diner

will be careful to wear a red or a white rose, and wax enthusiastic over England, the mother of nations.

Mr. Clement Scott publishes the following paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph* as his apology and retraction of statements of his which have created so much interest during the past few months—

Referring to the interview held with me, and published in *Great Thoughts*, in the December of last year, I desire to express my regret to the ladies of the theatrical profession, and to the theatrical profession at large, for having given utterance to words which I now realise must have inflicted infinite pain upon many good women whom I not only respect, but whose claims to the good opinion of all I freely and frankly avow. I desire to withdraw such statements as I then made. In my excuse I suggest that the words which were published, and which have evidently given such offence, were spoken by me at a moment of great personal strain, when my surroundings were such as to prevent my clearly appreciating the distress they were likely to cause.

Henceforth, I am happy to think, no one will ever venture to say that any English actor is wanting in an absolute devotion to domesticity, that any English actress is in the least degree lacking in virtue and refinement; and now the world can move on as usual.

Sir William Arrol, M.P., has a happy knack, in the few public appearances he makes, of gaining favour with his auditors either by allusions to his personal career or to some hobby a liking for which he is not ashamed to admit. Opening a bazaar at Muirkirk the other day, the famous bridge-builder incidentally mentioned that he had once tried to learn the violin, but, owing to other duties, he had to give it up; but music, he avowed, gave him so much enjoyment that he procured a hand-organ, which he played at any time. When Sir William was presented, some little time ago, with the freedom of the town of Ayr, near to which his estate of Seafield is situated, he recalled how, thirty years since, he had travelled through Ayr looking for work as a journeyman blacksmith and was unsuccessful in finding employment. The builder of the Forth Bridge bemoans the fact that so few young men are now learning trades. Give young people the best education possible, but give them at the same time, he says, a trade by which they can earn a living. Sir William Arrol thinks that if our legislators, instead of advocating an eight-hour day and that sort of thing, would endeavour to pass some Act whereby it would become compulsory for our youths to acquire proficiency in some handicraft, it would be greatly to the country's advantage.

The Scottish law lords to whom Mr. James Payn alluded in the fragmentary outline which he had evidently intended for a prospective "Note-Book" contribution are Lord Neaves and Lord Deas—both Lords of Session, the first-named a civil lord, the latter a judge in circuit and criminal cases. Mr. Payn dubbed them, in his own genial way in a *Cornhill* article, "Neaves and Deaves." Both judges were well known in the third quarter of the century throughout Scotland, Lord Neaves for his literary accomplishments and friendships as much as for his judicial capabilities, and Lord Deas as the presiding justice at several famous trials. From the nature of the cases that came before him, and from a supposed severity in the matter of sentences, Lord Deas was known in Scotland as the "hanging Judge." It is no secret, of course, that Mr. Payn never took kindly to "the grey metropolis of the North." During his sojourn within its borders, Edinburgh could hardly be accounted a literary centre; its society was dominated at that time by Parliament House and the General Assemblies, and educated to a large extent by the policy and amused by the satire of the *Scotsman*, in which Russel's influence was then supreme. It was during Mr. Payn's stay in the Modern Athens, it is interesting to recall, that the defunct *Daily Review* was, for a brief period, conducted by Henry Kingsley, and the old *Courant* was edited for some years by the brilliant James Hannay.

Since the days of Sir Walter Scott it has been no unusual thing for novelists not merely to deny that their characters have any real personages

behind them, but even that they themselves are the actual authors. That the romancist's heroes have their counterpart or original in everyday life is, at any rate, believed by the reading public; and the fact that has just come to light, that some of the folks depicted by M. E. Francis in her "North Country Village" have identified themselves, is evidence, to some extent, that there is reason for the general credibility. Mr. Payn, while he appears to have half-concealed from the original publisher of "Lost Sir Massingberd" the fact that he was its author, frankly avowed that his hero was based on a living entity.

One of the most notable book sales that has ever taken place in the North is proceeding this week at Inverness, the large stock of the late Mr. Noble, bookseller, who numbered Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. William Black, and Sir Henry Irving among his patrons, being put up to auction. Mr. Noble's establishment in Castle Street was known as the "Old Curiosity Shop," and the collection stored therein of volumes bearing upon Scottish history and Highland family records was certainly unique. It was Mr. Noble, by the way, who supplied the pamphlets from which R. L. Stevenson compiled "The Master of Ballantrae." Among the six thousand volumes catalogued there are included about a hundred books pertaining to Burns, and for the perfect copy of the 1787 Edinburgh edition among them there is certain to be keen bidding.

The destructive and inconsiderate fire that played havoc with the *Vanity Fair* cartoons and has forced Mr. Fry to give his readers some of the old favourites, which will doubtless be very welcome, has thrown the owner of a wonderful library into temporary mourning. Dr. Moses Gaster, whose books number over fifteen thousand, and whose collection of unique manuscripts is the envy and despair of the greatest scholars and wealthiest libraries of Europe, had sent a priceless illuminated manuscript of the Bible to be bound. He has reason to believe that it dates from the century following the Diaspora. On the Wednesday afternoon before the fire took place, he was about to go out and call for it, but the arrival of a visitor detained him, and he decided to wait until the following week. It had been with the binders for many months, and he thought that a day or two would make no difference. When I saw Dr. Gaster last week, he refused to be comforted even by my suggestion that the wonderful manuscript would probably be in a fire-proof safe.

On his first appearance as the hero of Mr. Joseph Hatton's "Jack Sheppard," at the Pavilion Theatre, on Easter Saturday, Mr. Weedon Grossmith had as one of his most keenly interested spectators Sir Henry Irving, who has been seen either *cis* or *trans* footlights in only three or four of the outlying theatres. Of course, Sir Henry has fulfilled many engagements at the Islington Grand; he has latterly appeared with great success both at the Borough, Stratford, and the *Métropole*, Camberwell; and did he not take part in the opening ceremony at the Brixton Theatre? At Whitechapel, however, he has not been seen before, and full advantage was taken of the occasion not only by the delighted audience, who were getting more than they had paid to see, but by the directorate of the Pavilion, one of whose members, in a laudatory little speech, hinted at the possibility of Sir Henry's professional appearance at that house before long, besides helping to "inaugurate" their new theatre at Peckham. Mr. Grossmith had, it may be recalled, wished originally to present his new reading of Jack Sheppard at the Lyceum last autumn. Hence partly this expedition down East of the Lyceum chief.

As Miss Pattie Browne has relinquished her part in "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" at the Court, and is returning to Australia, there to appear, I believe, in "The Little Minister," her rôle of Avonia Bunn, the soubrette and pantomime-boy of the "Wells," has been taken up by bright and vivacious Miss May Edouin, one of the daughters of Mr. Willie Edouin and Miss Alice Atherton. By the way, an excellent souvenir of Mr. Pinero's charming play has just been issued.

Quartermaster-Sergeant O'Flaherty is a venerated veteran who was presented the other day with the medal for long service at the Dépôt. He enlisted in the 48th Regiment on Sept. 5, 1857. He volunteered for the 97th Foot (now 2nd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment) on the 48th returning from India in 1865, and is still serving in the Station Pay Office, Maidstone, where he has held the position of senior clerk for upwards of twenty-three years.



MR. A. W. A'BECKETT.

A Sketch done at Dinner by Percy Spencer.



QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT O'FLAHERTY.

THE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Bayreuth, Oberammergau, Stratford-on-Avon—it would almost seem that the day is not far distant when the three names will range together in the minds of the cosmopolitan, and the quaint little town in the heart of the Garden of England will draw them to its yearly Shakspere Festivals as potently as either of the other strongholds of a somewhat similar ideal. Last year's experiment of enlarging the long-established week of Shakspelian plays into a fortnight marked a definite growth in the importance of the Memorial institution, and the innovation has this year been justified afresh, for the demand for seats for the whole series of performances has been greater than ever, suggesting a yet further extension of the Festival in the future.

That the Memorial performances have attained considerably more than a local importance is testified by the number of visitors not only from all parts of the kingdom, but from the Continent and from the United States. It has been asserted that really good Americans go to Stratford-on-Avon when they die, and most of them seem to find time to make acquaintance with the place even while they still absent them from felicity. In view of the welcome recently extended to English players in Germany, it is the more interesting to note that many German enthusiasts even visit Stratford for her interesting revivals. Certainly the fortnight's programme of this, the tenth Festival entrusted to Mr. Benson's care, is a very strong one. "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry IV." (Part II.), "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and five performances of "Antony and Cleopatra"—the special revival of the year—form as varied a bill of Shakspelian tragedy, comedy, and history as may well be packed into a brief two weeks. "Antony and Cleopatra," it is true, has been seen more than once on

the London stage of late years, and has not, therefore, the peculiar antiquarian interest attached to Mr. Benson's former revival of plays long banished from the boards, such as "The Tempest," "Timon of Athens," "Richard II.," "Henry V.," and others repeated at the present Festival; but it happened to be one of the few plays as yet unperformed on the stage of the Memorial Theatre, where, moreover, it is now given probably for the first time in interesting conjunction with the other two plays of Shakspere's great trilogy from Roman history.

"Julius Cæsar," with which the splendid pomp of plays was ushered in, was not, of course, the novelty to the Festival's regular visitors that it was recently to London audiences; for, owing to the fact that it has long held a constant place in the répertoire of the Benson Company, it has been seen more than once of late years in Stratford. On this occasion, Mark Antony's lament over the dead body of Cæsar was given by Mr. Benson with even finer effect than of old, and Antony's subtle swaying of the Roman mob in his funeral speech was admirably realised; the spontaneity

of the surging crowd in this great scene was peculiarly convincing, and the final firing of the dead Cæsar's funeral pyre brought the curtain down on a very thrilling picture of riot.

The Brutus of Mr. Oscar Asche and the Cassius of Mr. Frank Rodney were both clever performances, and Mrs. Benson played her small rôle of Portia with delicacy, giving the wistful appeal of Cato's daughter for her husband's confidence with touching effect. Between the austerity of "Julius Cæsar" and the sensuous splendour of its sequel, "Antony and Cleopatra," there is a strong contrast, and in mounting the latter play Mr. Benson has borne this contrast constantly in mind. The result is a

series of brilliant stage pictures of that gorgeous East which Cleopatra held in fee, scenes hardly to be surpassed in vivid presentment of Oriental luxury. Massive Egyptian halls, dim monuments, rich landscapes, succeeded one another as a setting for the mingled pomp of fantastic Egypt and majestic Rome. The scene of revelry on Pompey's galley, the one more gaudy night proclaimed by the reckless Antony in Cleopatra's incense-laden, flower-strewn hall, the raising of the wounded Antony into the monument by Cleopatra and her women, and the final scene of death within that monument's dim vault were, one and all, admirably contrived. Yet the dramatic action was never submerged by pageantry; there were no merely pictorial interludes, and considerably more of the text was therefore retained than has usually been the case. To the acting may be paid the first essential tribute, that it had genuine vitality, and really made this most difficult of plays a living thing in its theatrical effect. Intellectually, too, the performance was at all points well considered; both the Antony of Mr. Benson and the Cleopatra of Mrs. Benson were something much more than mere voluptuaries, as the wonderful

language ascribed to the lovers by Shakspere demands. Their dominion over each other was that of the imagination, not of the senses alone. Mr. Benson finely conveyed the innate nobility which Antony never quite lost, representing him to the last as a man capable of great ideals. Looking extremely picturesque in a series of beautiful dresses, Mrs. Benson depicted Cleopatra's lighter moods with rare grace and charm, and rose to a telling height of passion in the stronger scenes. She was at her best where Cleopatra hears of Antony's marriage, but the calm resolution of her death was also very impressive. The Enobarbus of Mr. Lyall Swete and the Octavius of Mr. Frank Rodney were the more striking impersonations of a cast which contained not a single notably weak member. The incidental music composed by Herr Michael Balling added greatly to the beauty of the production, strains heard in the air by the soldiers and interpreted to signify the descent of Antony by his god Hercules giving a strange, unearthly beauty to the scene.



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS DOLL TEARSHEET IN "HENRY IV., PART II."

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



MR. AND MRS. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY V. AND KATHARINE OF FRANCE.

KING HENRY: *Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

TOMMY'S RATIONS.

The question of rations for Tommy is not so much a burning as a roasting one with us just now, and is easily solved by our cook supplying us with a nice lump of fat, to be hung in the flowering currant-bush outside the breakfast-room window. Tommy is not a red-coat; he "ain't no thin red 'ero," but a fat, fluffy little chap in a blue jacket and cap, with black and white facings, and yellow continuations. He has no idea of drill whatever, but is great at evolutions combining those of the circus clown and the "artist" on the high trapeze. Pugnacious is he, and always ready to fly at any intruder on what he has pecked out as his "claim." He bullies his big cousin, Ox-eye, most unmercifully, and will allow no sort of kinship to Master Cole: they may come and pick a bit occasionally, but not while Tommy is on the war-path.

Ox-eye is a bigger and (some think) a handsomer fellow, and certainly no hat in Piccadilly can rival his black one in brilliancy of silky gloss. But, dandy as he is, he lacks the air of distinction that marks Tommy, perhaps because his forehead is lower, which gives him at times almost a slouching appearance, and perhaps, too, because his greater shyness conveys a suggestion of *mauvaise honte*. Tommy laughs at the kodak-fiend himself, but Ox-eye dreads the faintest click of a snap-shutter.

Cole is more subdued altogether than either of his relations. Tommy is a *beau sabreur*, Ox-eye a rowdy; but Cole is a bird of peace, and approaches the lump of suet in rather an apologetic way, when he is quite sure the coast is clear. He does not seem as if he cared much for pipes (though he has a sweet little one of his own—of another sort), or pots, or even fiddlers, but looks a good little bird all over, and quite a Quaker among the Tits. His colours are subdued, and his black hat has a very broad brim. Evidently it is ease of conscience that makes him regard the fiend above-named as little as Tommy does.

Tommy goes in for the Sandow business, as well as doing his other "turns." I have snapped him as he has triumphantly hauled up to his perch his day's allowance, considerably more than double his own weight, and stands holding it in one foot with the greatest ease.

B. M.



OX-EYE, A GREAT TIT.



TOMMY'S "STRONG MAN" TURN.

AN EDITOR'S LABOURS.

Not the least arduous part of an editor's labours is subject-finding, so it is always a delight when my correspondents help me with sensible suggestions. At times, however, the will is better than the deed, as in the story I am about to narrate. The other day my letter-bag contained

a hieroglyphic so strange and terrible that even editorial patience was tried almost to breaking point. Time is some object even to the management of the most frivolous paper, so I sent the epistle to the patient archaeologist of the staff. He replied as follows—

SIR.—On receiving your enclosure for transcription I was not at first discouraged, for at the top I read without much difficulty "Beulah Road." The rest of the delectable address, however, gave me a "wrastle," although I attacked it gaily enough, remembering in my foolish pride that during a weary pilgrimage to Walthamstow I had there seen a Beulah Road, and one also in Poplar. But neither of those localities would fit. At length, however, by the aid of a railway guide, I resolved the cryptogram into "Thornton Heath." I send you the transcription herewith, and the best wish I can send you is that you may be for ever delivered from suchlike epistles.—Your very faithful,

ARCHÆOLOGUS.

The letter deciphered runs—

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you two ideas to be used in illustration. I. A room after a drinking-bout. Empty bottles and empty glasses are very conspicuous. The drinkers have disappeared, but they have left these tokens of their industry—empty glasses and empty bottles. This picture is to be headed "Shipping Intelligence," and underlined "Vessels entered inwards."

II. Ladies, after a dinner, are seen waiting in a drawing-room for the appearance of the gentlemen. This picture should be headed "Shipping Intelligence," and underlined "Mails expected."

I send these bare suggestions to you for what they are worth, and shall be only too delighted to learn that they have proved even of the very slightest service.—Truly yours,

Curiously enough, the spelling and punctuation are perfect, every letter being discoverable after severe search. Had my correspondent only described his suggestions as *thread-bare*, his epistle would have been faultless. There are limits to brevity, and here he certainly said too little. Nevertheless, the letter filled three pages of foolscap. Query—How many would be needed to contain the writer's head?



COLE, A TIT.

A HERO OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

Sergeant Hook, V.C., the subject of this interview, is an obliging attendant at the British Museum, where, in company with a comrade, he is in charge of the Vestuary attached to the Reading-Room.

Twelve years ago, after serving for five years in the Royal Monmouth Militia, he joined the 1st Royal Fusilier Volunteers, in which he now holds the rank of Sergeant; and it is in the uniform of that corps that he is here depicted. But it was as private in the 2nd Battalion of the "Noble 24th," South Wales Borderers, which in the sanguinary engagements against overwhelming hordes of savage Zulu warriors at Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift lost in killed alone the appalling total of 21 officers and 587 men, and won eight Victoria Crosses, that Sergeant Hook commenced his military career, and conquered the coveted decoration for signal gallantry in face of the enemy that ornaments his breast.

Born in the pretty village of Churcham, Gloucestershire, the Sergeant is now forty-five years of age. He stands 5 ft. 7 in. in his socks, measures 42 in. round the chest, and is a rather stout but hale and robust man, with a kindly expression of countenance, and a heavy fair moustache. He married just a year ago.

Rorke's Drift, he tells me, was a Missionary Station, consisting of a church and house built of sun-dried bricks. The military had formed a camp there, converting the unpretentious place of worship into a dépôt for stores, and the dwelling into a hospital.

The first news the company in charge received of the massacre at Isandhlwana was when two troopers came tearing into camp on horseback, one with his revolver strapped to his wrist, the other in his shirt-sleeves, and, after giving the alarm, rode off to apprise stations further away of the terrible disaster, while the missionary, without a moment's hesitation, jumped on his ass and succeeded in making good his escape. Some time afterwards he sent in a bill to the Government for compensation for the loss of his property.

When four thousand Zulus were sighted at half-past four on the afternoon of Jan. 22, 1879, shortly after the two troopers had left the station, advancing at a distance of a thousand yards round the hill to the left of the hospital front, Sergeant Hook was engaged in the peaceful occupation of preparing tea for the forty invalids, a few of whom only were able to defend themselves.

"The Zulus," he says, "once in sight of the station, immediately divided into two columns, advancing at an acute angle, taking advantage of the multitude of huge ant-hills, four or five feet high, and of the dry gullies that had served as water-courses in the rainy season, to shelter themselves. We let them come on until within six hundred yards, when we gave them a volley which brought down a few and drove some back; but the others continued dashing forward, bounding over the ground, leaping six feet in the air, amid deafening shrieks and yells. With long bucklers, pointed at either end, on their left arms, they brandished spears and guns in their right hands, flinging assegais at us in showers, discharging their firearms, apparently indifferent to our fire and to the havoc our bullets played among them.

"They kept on charging, numbers of them coming right abreast of our defences; but we held our ground, driving them back over and over again. Each time they withdrew they had a war-dance in the distance, to brace their nerves for another attack, and then came bounding on again in the same mad rush as before.

"During the space of four hours I held my ward with two other men, both of whom were slain. At last I ran short of ammunition, and things became so frightfully hot that I felt I should not be able to stand it much longer. For a space I defended the threshold with my bayonet, husbanding the few cartridges I had left, and, at every lull in the enemy's frantic onslaughts, I piled corpse upon corpse in the doorway before me, along with anything else I could lay my hands on, until I had formed a solid breastwork reaching to my shoulders.

"This massive, hideous barricade afforded me some protection and relief; but the Zulus by now had set fire to the building. Grasping a pick, I rapidly made a small hole in the dry, sun-burnt brick partition, and dragged several sick and wounded men through it into the next ward. In this manner I caved in three walls, and, meeting Lance-Corporal Williams on the way, with his assistance succeeded in bringing eight invalids into the last room, where we managed to get them out of

a window, and finally gained the inner defence near the church. When I found myself safe within the inner defence, the perspiration was running off me in a stream, so to say, and my under-garments were wringing wet. Three men had already been killed at the post assigned to me after leaving the hospital. It was a dark but fine night, and the Zulus, taking advantage of the obscurity, constantly came creeping stealthily up to the breastwork protecting us, clutching at the muzzles of our rifles in the hope of being able to wrench them from our grasp in a moment of inattention.

"Presently the hospital flamed up, and to this I attribute our escape. The glare of the burning building revealed the tactics of our savage foes, who every twenty minutes or so would hold a frantic war-dance, as in the afternoon, and then dash on to us in an impetuous charge, causing the very ground to tremble beneath our feet as they came bounding along. As soon as they got within six hundred yards we poured volley after volley into them, bowling them over like rabbits. This kind of thing continued throughout the night.

"In the meanwhile, we had been getting short of water. The water-cart was standing some forty or fifty yards off, close to the hospital. During a lull a few of us rushed out, at the risk of our lives, and succeeded in dragging it within the second defence without accident. Finally, at three o'clock in the morning, after over twelve hours' constant fighting, the Zulus withdrew. Our casualties were then seventeen killed and fifteen wounded.

"Daylight revealed an appalling sight. A few yards away were the smouldering ruins of the hospital, with the charred remains of our slaughtered comrades amid the heap of smoking rubbish. Hard by lay the bodies of other brave fellows, all assegaied and mutilated in a most shocking fashion. Around, for hundreds of yards, the ground was strewn with the ebony corpses of the ferocious savages we had laid low with our rifles during the afternoon and night, along with firearms and assegais presenting steel heads of various forms steeped in gore. Those having crescent-shaped blades were the most terrible among the weapons of this description that we had to fight against. A wound from one of them, when it had been twisted round and withdrawn, proved inevitably mortal, and brought death amid atrocious agony. There was also a quantity of guns.

"I went out with some others to ascertain if, perchance, there were any of our comrades still alive, and to see what we could pick up. I very nearly met my death for my pains. I was proceeding, quite alone, along one of the gullies with which the ground in parts was intersected, when I came upon the body of a Zulu, a great giant of a fellow, stretched on the ground. As I approached him, I noticed blood oozing from his ankle. 'Hum! that looks strange,' I thought. 'You don't often see blood coming from a dead man.'

I nevertheless went on. Just as I was passing by him, he suddenly stretched out his arm and clutched the stock of my rifle; then, springing to his knees, he made a terrific effort to wrest the arm from me. We had a rare struggle for mastery—he was nearly as tall as myself, even kneeling—but, in the end, I managed to wrench the gun away, and, giving the Zulu a frightful blow in the wind, bowled him over. I then stepped back four or five paces and calmly put a bullet through his head. After that we were only allowed to leave camp in parties of three or four."

When Lord Chelmsford came to the relief of Rorke's Drift early the same morning, Sergeant Hook was the first man sent for to give him an account of how he had managed to move the sick and wounded from the hospital. The Sergeant was presented with the Victoria Cross on Aug. 3, 1879, by Lord Wolseley, at a spot only about eight hundred yards from where the battle was fought.

"For weeks after that fight," says Sergeant Hook, "I was a victim to nightmare. In the middle of my sleep I would jump up in bed, my eyeballs starting from my head, my hair on end, my face and body dripping with perspiration, imagining myself surrounded by shrieking, savage Zulus on the point of plunging their cruel assegais into me. It was the shock to the nerves, you know. Even now I at times feel dizzy about the head."

Sergeant Hook thinks the Zulus will make fine fighting material to swell the ranks of our colonial force in Africa later on. He also thinks, and he will not be single in that opinion, that the Government ought to do more for our Victoria Cross men.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.



A HERO OF RORKE'S DRIFT.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE BURGLAR AND THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

BY EDGAR TURNER.

"A fine public-house," said Blanco Watson, the humorist.

"Yes," I replied, looking at the building we were approaching, "but a strange position—away from the high road, and surrounded by villas."

"A very strange position. We will rest in the public-house, and I will tell you how it came to be built in such a very strange position."

I smiled, and followed him into the saloon-bar. We sat at one of the tables, and were silent for a time, he thinking and I watching him.

"The story begins," he said presently, "with a burglary committed by a certain Bill Jones one night long ago."

"Bill was a young member of his profession. Hitherto he had not attempted anything very big, but continued success in small things had made him bold. On this night he broke into the country-house of a well-known actress, in the hope of carrying off her jewels.

"He succeeded in getting the jewels and was leaving with them when he found that the slight noise he had made had attracted attention. A servant-girl met him at a turn of the stairway, and began to shriek. He rushed by her and to the window through which he had entered. As he passed through it again he heard doors being opened, and knew that the house was fully aroused."

"I understand," I said. "Bill escaped. The actress employed a detective. The detective built this public-house in an out-of-the-way place, hoping that Bill, as an out-of-the-way young man, would call in one day for a drink. Curiously enough, Bill did."

Blanco Watson frowned.

"This is an intellectual story," he said; "it does not depend on coincidences."

"I will continue. Bill avoided the first pursuit by a long run across country, and then walked towards his home, not daring to use the railway. He kept to the by-roads as much as possible, and, at the close of the next day, had reached the neighbourhood of London.

"A spade lying inside a field-gate suggested to him the advisability of hiding the jewels until he had arranged for their sale. After making sure that he was not observed, he entered the field and picked up the spade. A tree of peculiar growth stood just beyond him. In the manner of fiction, he counted twenty steps due north from the tree, and then dug a deep hole, placed the jewels in it, and filled it up again.

"He arrived home safely that night, but was arrested in the morning. The servant-girl had given an accurate description of him to the police, and they had recognised it.

"In due course he was tried. The evidence against him was very strong. The servant-girl swore that he was the man she met on the stairs; some of the villagers swore that they had seen him near the house previously to the burglary. He was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude."

"Good," I said; "the jewels under the field, Bill in prison."

Blanco Watson nodded.

"Bill," he continued, "had always asserted his innocence, and the police had not been able to obtain from him any information as to the jewels. After the trial, they formed the theory that he must have worked with another burglar who was known to be a friend of his and who had recently disappeared.

"When the theory was mentioned to Bill, he confessed that it was correct, and no longer asserted his innocence. He had broken into the house, he said, while the other burglar watched outside. He had been captured, and the other burglar had gone to America with the jewels."

"Good," I said; "the jewels under the field, the other burglar in America."

Blanco Watson nodded again, and continued—

"Bill behaved very well in prison, and at the end of five years was released on a ticket-of-leave. He decided to wait until the ticket had expired, and then to get the jewels and leave the country. But a day or two after his release he walked out to look at the field.

"There was no field. During the five years he had been in prison the estate of which the field was part had been built upon. He wandered about the houses in despair. But, as he turned a corner, he saw something which suggested hope. Behind some railings was a tree of curious growth."

"It was the tree twenty steps due north of which he had buried the jewels. He recognised it immediately, and ran towards it. Again he was in despair. A yard or two north of the tree was a chapel, and the jewels were under the chapel. He leaned against the railings, covering his face with his hands.

"It happened presently that the head deacon of the chapel, a kindly old man, came down the road. He saw Bill standing like one in trouble, and stopped and asked what was the matter and whether he could help.

"For a few moments Bill did not know what to reply, but then he spoke well. He said that once he had been a burglar, but that he had learned in prison that burglary is wrong; that now he was trying to live an honest life, but that, as he had no friends, it was not easy.

"The old man was touched. He had found Bill leaning against the chapel railings, and Bill had said that he had no friends. Was it not his duty as head deacon of the chapel to be a friend to Bill? Clearly it was.

"He took Bill home with him; he was a bachelor, and there was no one to restrain his benevolence. They had supper, and talked together. The deacon found Bill intelligent and fairly well-educated, and offered him employment. He was a builder in the neighbourhood, he explained, and had a vacancy in the works. Bill gratefully accepted the offer, and began his new career on the following Monday."

"But the public-house? What about that?" I asked.

Blanco Watson smiled.

"You are very impatient," he said. "Well, I will tell you the next events as quickly as possible, and get to the public-house."

"Months passed. Bill had changed wonderfully. He had forgotten his old habits and learned new ones. The deacon was delighted. Not only was Bill the best of his workmen, but he was the most regular attendant at the chapel.

"Bill longed for the jewels, and he worked hard because he knew that money would help him to get them. He attended the chapel because while there he was near the jewels, the seat he had taken being just twenty steps due north from the tree. At first he had meditated digging down through the floor one night, but the chances of detection were great and he had given up the idea.

"Years passed. The deacon had become an invalid, and Bill practically managed his business. He was an important man at the chapel, too, and was often entrusted with a collection-box. One day the deacon died. Soon afterwards it was known that, having no near relatives, he had left his property to his friend William Jones."

"I see!" I exclaimed; "Bill—"

Blanco Watson shook his head.

"Bill was Bill no longer," he said. "He had become a man of wealth. At the next election of deacons he was one of the successful candidates. In future we must refer to him as Mr. Jones, and not as Bill."

"Mr. Jones was a most energetic deacon. He introduced new members and he persuaded old ones to attend more regularly. He started a young men's literary society and a series of Saturday entertainments. He made the chapel the most popular in the district; and then, at a New Year's business meeting, he struck boldly for the jewels.

"The chapel was too small, he said in the course of an eloquent speech. They must erect another on a larger site. There was but one such site in the neighbourhood. They must secure it before others did. He himself would undertake the building operations, charging only what they cost him. He would also purchase the old chapel. The net expenditure need not be very great.

"The proposal was well received, and a committee, with Mr. Jones as chairman, was appointed to consider the details. Their report was very favourable, and at another business meeting it was decided to carry out the proposal.

"The necessary funds were subscribed or guaranteed. Contracts were made with Mr. Jones. In the spring of that year the building operations were commenced, and by the autumn they were finished. The congregation removed to the new chapel. Mr. Jones purchased the old one at a high price, and entered into possession.

"And then," I said, "I suppose he got the jewels?"

Blanco Watson laughed.

"No," he said, "he did not. He broke up the floor himself, counted the steps due north from the tree again, and dug. He did not find the jewels. He counted the steps again, and dug deeper. He did not find them. Then he tried other places; but, although he kept on until he had tried everywhere beneath the floor, he never found the jewels."

"Why, what had become of them?"

"I cannot say. It is possible that when the foundation was being laid a workman had discovered and appropriated them. Again, it is possible that there were two trees of similarly curious growth, and that the one outside the chapel was not the one Mr. Jones first saw. Again—"

"And what has the story to do with the public-house? But I can guess."

"Of course you can. Mr. Jones was very angry with the chapel members. He considered that, by false pretences, they had led him into buying the old chapel dearly and building the new one cheaply. He resigned his deaconship, and then sought a way to be revenged on them. He found one. On the site of the old chapel he built a public-house—this public-house in which we have sat so long."

"Too long," I remarked, after a pause. "Let us continue our walk."

"Yes," said Blanco Watson, rising from his chair, "we will. Who knows but that we may come across the other tree of curious growth?"

"Or," I said, "a chapel member wringing his hands at thought of the public-house."

"And," added Blanco Watson, as we passed out, "in the background Mr. Jones laughing at him."



*The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There, as strikes the player, goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!*

—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

PATRIOTIC ENGLISHMEN SHOULD REMEMBER
APRIL THE TWENTY-THIRD.

"*Merry St. George for England!*"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In these days the quality of patriotism has declined into somewhat evil passes. Because one does not at a first glance fill in all the meanings which flow from so many sources into the word, the thoughtlessness of a few scoffers has brought patriotism into a certain indefinable contempt.



WEAR THIS ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY!

Mr. Bernard Shaw has settled the matter for himself and the world at large; his scorn has had its weight and sting in conjunction with the scorn of other Irishmen and some Scotchmen, and there are too many Englishmen who smile shamefacedly in public over that which it is their secret pride to acknowledge and to cherish. The fact is that the English are far more sensitive to just this particular kind of laughter than either of those two nations, who, nevertheless, are never so happy as when they are boasting of their own aristocratic sensitiveness. Given a select party of a score of Englishmen, half-a-dozen Irishmen, and half-a-dozen Scotchmen, and you will hear ten times more in a quarter of an hour about the shining wit of the Irish peasantry and the noble sense of comradeship that distinguishes the compatriots of Burns than you will ever hear of the glories of English prowess, of English statesmanship, of English literature, of the English Navy, of the share England has had in the civilisation of the world, or of the Empire which to-day is subject to England. As I write these words, I have a vision of the passionate Celt, be he of the Scotch or Irish variety, scorning them as the expression of "brag and bluster," which make the Englishman a bully, while at the same time he will recall the thin stream of Irish poetical melody, which represents the small contribution of Ireland to the world's literature, or the tenuous subscription raised by Scotland to the same treasury, as something which is of perfectly even value to compensate for the ridiculous pretensions of England.

Well, I do not grudge the Scot and the Irishman their disproportionate devotion to their native lands. Part of the beauty of patriotism lies often in the disproportion between the love of the lover and the worth of the beloved. One of the most splendid displays of patriotism that Europe has witnessed this century has been the pathetic and passionate devotion which the Italian peasant has shown towards a country over-taxed, resourceless, smitten down with a helpless poverty. Nothing could, in its way, be finer, or more demonstrative of the fact that patriotism is a quality which exists apart from the glory, the

wealth, or the triumphs of the native land. But in the case of England there are ten thousand reasons for the heartiest indulgence in this noble emotion—

... In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old.

That is the first sound that swims up through the patriotic idea when the name of England is spoken. Her battles are her wonderful glory among the "captain-jewels of the carcanet." They stretch back through a procession of centuries, and make a roll such as no nation in the world but she can show. . . . I hear the voice of the scoffer, using such phrases as "the savagery of war, the barbarism of battle." Yet it is war and the struggle between bulk and bulk, physical skill with physical skill, courage with courage, brute strength with brute strength, which built up the name and fame of England over the face of the world. Thank the gods, we are not yet altogether walking brain-pans, and nature still sees to it that there is a due proportion of flesh and blood, of absolute carease, mingled with the life of the intellect; and we do well to take pride in our bodily prowess, which has won for us human prizes so great. We have not yet reached the "time of the new Sublime"—

And the better than human way,
When the Wolf (poor beast) shall come to his own
And the Rat shall have his day.

But we need not confine ourselves merely to our splendid record of victory in warfare, and, if one wants intellectual triumph, what finer history can be found than that of England in her past and present golden era? She who can point to Isaac Newton as one of her sons, and with him to Watt, to Stephenson, to Faraday, and to a host of other distinguished men whose pioneering labours have literally made the modern world what it is, need not search for an excuse to justify her pride; and her subjects therefore need surely have no shame for those most pathetic lines in all patriotic poetry in which Wordsworth comforted himself for his "unfilial fears"—

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

Last and noblest of her crowns stands her supreme literature, the greatest that any nation can show—

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspere spake.



WEAR THIS ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY!
Photographs by Frost, Loughborough.

And if, losing our freedom, we die, there would stand such a line of literary giants as would in all time enshrine us with the freedom of the world. In that literature all our other greatnesses are enshrined, our battles, our laws, our science, our art, our philosophies. How these typical battle-lines ring like a clarion in which the nation's courage

world on the Feast of St. George, which is the anniversary upon which England should remember what she is and what she has done in the great pageantry of life. "We will unite the white rose and the red," says the conquering King in "Richard III," and that is the sign of patriotism which every Englishman should wear upon April 23,



"I WILL WEAR THIS ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY."

YOUNG ENGLAND AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. BASSANO.

and the nation's art of literature seem fused into one coronet of authority—

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead! . . .
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit! and, upon this charge,
Cry "God for Harry! England! and St. George!"

Shakspere, who wrote those lines, began his own battle with the

St. George's Day. The Irishman has his shamrock, the Scot his thistle, beloved emblems to each of the land from which he sprang. The wealthier glories of the rose are more fitting to England, more appropriately symbolic of her greener, richer landscapes, and more emblematic of her loftier destiny, of her wider domination, of her more brilliant and regal career; for England is Queen of the rosebud garden of nations, and each of her sons should, on that day of reminiscence, bear his rose to memorialise her greatness and her glory.

M. VUILLIER'S "BOOK ON DANCING."

BY MADAME KATTI LANNER.

(Mistress of the Ballet at the Empire Theatre.)

I do not find much time for reading. In the old days when I used to dance—how far away my earliest work seems now!—I thought that, when I retired, I should have lots of leisure. Now, although I do not



THE PAVANE.—AFTER A PICTURE BY GARRIDO.

(From M. Vuillier's "Book on Dancing.")

dance any more, I seem to work harder than when I did. My school needs constant care; there are backward girls to be improved and promising ones to be advanced, new pupils to be articled, fresh engagements to be made, rehearsals to attend. Then there are pantomimes to prepare for in the autumn, and hundreds of my old pupils to find places for. And the Empire ballets—ah, they are indeed hard work! I go there every night throughout the year except when I take a fortnight's holiday, and then it is seldom farther away than Brighton, for I am always afraid lest I should be wanted suddenly. I love this hard work—it keeps me well; I would not give up an hour of it, but it leaves me very little time for reading.

When *The Sketch* sent me this beautiful book about dancing, which Mr. Heinemann has published, I put it on one side, for I was very busy with rehearsals. One day, things had not gone well: girls were late, some music was not ready, some movements were not done as I should have wished. I felt quite out of spirits and very tired. When I reached home, I took up the book and turned over the leaves, idly at first, and then the magnificence of the illustrations struck me, and I turned the pages far more carefully, and began to read parts of the writing. Suddenly I found that the book was very clever, very true, very clearly written. I turned to the pages that dealt with the great dancers who were leaving the public just as I made my first appearance. Taglioni, Cerito, Malibran, Fanny Elssler, Lucile Grahn—what memories their names bring me! I recall the old times when I used to work by night and by day to come to the front. They have easy times here, English girls. I have known what it means to practise three or four hours a-day for years; so did the others who came to the top of the tree, and so must all who would please a critical public to-day.

M. Vuillier knows all about the ballet. I suppose I know a good bit about it, but his book has interested me, everything is so well put. I

think every ballet-master should have such a work by him, however well he knows his business. The general accuracy is astonishing; so many books are strong on some points and weak on others. Of course, I have seen every school of dancing, for I have worked all over Europe, and it is necessary for a good *maîtresse de ballet* to be able to introduce the special work of every country. This variety gives a ballet its chief charm, because it yields the cream of the world's grace, and the charm of every measure is heightened by contrast. You do not perhaps quite realise in England what a great part the national dance plays in other parts of Europe. I have seen exiles moved past restraint at hearing the old music and seeing the old dances. If I hear my father's music played now—and Josef Lanner wrote beautiful dances—I feel as though I were back in Vienna. In Spain, in Italy, in Russia the dances are part of the national life; people dance because they must; it is in their blood. The writer of this book has realised the truth of this. And how beautiful are the pictures he has put in the book! They show how near poetry is to the dancee, and how beautiful the art is if properly understood and regularly practised.

Regularly practised, that is the real point. A beautiful book is a fine thing, but a nation does not learn to dance by reading about dancing. You must work, work, work; you must practise every day; only thus do you become proficient. I believe English people admire dancing; many of them love it, but not many understand it, and few study it as they should. Why is it that you can raise no great premières? I have tried very hard to do so, and I am pleased to say that at the present time I have five or six very clever little pupils, who, if they continue to work and improve, may, I think, become really great dancers. English girls are pretty and graceful enough; the prizes of the profession are very high; a thousand pounds a-year and more often falls to the principal dancer in a ballet. But they won't practise, whether they are learning for amusement to do skirt-dances at amateur theatricals or are working for a living and to help their parents in supporting a home. It would be more easy to understand if you had a very hot climate that tired people. But, while girls practise all day long in Vienna and Milan, in London they practise not at all, or, at least, very little. That is why I do not have all the confidence in the future of dancing in England that I should like to have, and it is why I am so pleased to find a charming book that shows the history of the dance, with its developments and achievements. I believe that, with the natural advantages that English girls have, with their open-air exercise and their splendid training, they might make England take a great place among nations that have national dances, but nothing will be done unless they work.

Perhaps it is not generally known that dancing keeps young people in the very best of health. At my school the girls are very seldom ill; they seem to get hardened by the exercise, to grow rapidly, to become strong and vigorous. I notice that in the families where some of the girls come to me and others follow another occupation, my pupils will be quite robust, while their sisters are always ailing. This fact speaks more for the value of dancing than anything; it is a form of exercise that realises much that is healthy and beautiful. I should like to see a dancing academy attached to every school, and national dances performed in every English village. Sometimes I think this may be so yet, for in some countries the love for dancing has grown very gradually, until a national pastime has developed from it.



MDLLE. THÉODORE'S DANCING CLASS.—AFTER A PICTURE BY LAURENT DESROUSSEAU.

(From M. Vuillier's "Book on Dancing.")



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON,
WHERE SHAKSPERE LIES BURIED.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRITH, REIGATE.

THE GREAT YOUNG MAN.*

Mr. W. P. Ryan is very severe upon the chroniclers of literary small beer. He tells us of the interviewers who record that one "eminent young man had a taste for duck-eggs," and another loves "his morning's dish of mushrooms."

Quite so, Mr. Ryan, and silly enough, in all conscience. But was it worth while taking all this trouble to prove that small beer is small beer? Neither the chronicler nor the chronicled expects you or any other person to believe that the stuff is of a stronger brew. And why—after having "laid out" the corpses of your victims, not to say "wiped up the floor" so thoroughly with them that no trace of malt liquid is left—should you assume the rôle of chronicler of literary cocoa!—

We took up our new monthly magazines, and forth there fluttered a certain fly-leaf. It was a cocoa advertisement bill, and it gave us our latest glimpse of the literary work of Mr. Sherard. His portrait was in the corner. In it he had the bland smile and the chubby air which come to all men, it seems, just after the cocoa-sipping stage, &c.

Now small beer may be poor stuff to chronicle, but I am not sure that cocoa is any better. And if, as Mr. Ryan implies, one might be better



MR. W. P. RYAN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

employed than in interviewing authors; why should the man who writes about interviewers give himself airs?

All the same, "Literary London" affords most entertaining reading. It is unequal in its merits, but the chapters "The Great Young Man" and "Authors I Cannot Take Seriously" are exceedingly diverting to everyone except the Young Man and Authors specified, and even they should be saved by a sense of humour from resentment. The story that a certain woman novelist has sent Mr. Ryan a solicitor's letter is well-nigh incredible. It is only too true that, in these degenerate days, the word "fame" has come to mean that the person in connection with whom it is used is "scribbled about in the halfpenny evening papers." Mr. Ryan has supplied a corrective which can do no harm and may do some good. Though he chaffs the literary young man unmerrily, he does not write spitefully or unkindly, and what he has to say about Mr. Wells, Mr. Pemberton, and Mr. Morrison will probably amuse no one more than those popular and successful writers themselves.

Sheer journalism as most of the book is, it demonstrates that, sooner or later, the author will have to be reckoned with. The chapter on "The Passing of the Poets" contains some really admirable literary criticisms, and, now that Mr. Ryan has "had his fling," he will, I believe, settle down to do something more lasting and more serious.

Should the present book go into other editions, I hope he will spare us that ugly word "aunt," and omit Mr. Silas K. Hocking, the beloved of the Sunday School this score of years, from his list of "Great Young Men." Mr. Hocking's brother and junior, Mr. Joseph Hocking, has told us recently that "All Men are Liars." But that was apropos of his religious novel. His story of literary life in London was more pleasantly entitled.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

It is somewhat curious to observe how strangely and completely the aspect of international relations changes from day to day. But yesterday, it may be, two rival States were hurling journalistic Billingsgate at each other, and threatening war on some undoubtedly difficult dispute. Troops were hurried up to critical points, ships mobilised. And yet war did not come, and the clouds have blown away from the horizon. Was the crisis ever as great as we fancied, or was its blackness chiefly printer's ink? And, on the other hand, a conflict may be mediated on to any extent, both sides may be ready to make almost any sacrifices rather than go to war, religion may come into play—and yet affairs may drift more and more steadily towards hostilities. It would really seem as if war was never so far off as when it is pronounced inevitable, never so near as when everybody is nervously trying to avoid it.

It was but a few weeks ago that we were being told by the Press at home and abroad that England's prestige everywhere, and particularly in the Far East, was irretrievably gone; that Russia was dominating all China, except what she might graciously leave to Germany and France, that we were crowded out of the Niger, that the Frontier campaign had disclosed English military weakness, and that a new and worse Indian Mutiny was under weigh. Now, what a change has come over the spirit of various dreams! China, turning from the affectionate hug of the Bear, opens and leases ports with eagerness to her old customer John Bull; Japan acquiesces with friendly readiness, Germany prepares to undersell us in the most cordial manner in the new treaty ports, and Russian newspapers are patriotically furious till they get an official hint to be quiet. The Niger question is swimming in French politeness; the Afridis have paid up cheerfully; German newspapers take to lecturing President Kruger as a pig-headed reactionary, who is spoiling their trade and everybody else's, and Wilhelm the Wiser sends a kindly congratulation on Sirdar Kitchener's most workmanlike battle on the Atbara. And a military commendation from the head of the first army of the world is worth taking with thanks. In this case, undoubtedly, the Kaiser knows what he is talking about.

It is instructive to note how this change in the public position of Great Britain has been brought about. Not, it is hardly necessary to say, by compromise, concession, and surrender. The French newspapers contended, with a Celtic indifference to logic, that, because we were grasping and greedy, they were justified in snatching from us anything they could. But when we began really to secure the Niger districts by effective military occupation, the French tone at once became more friendly. So, too, in the Far East. Some timorous politicians scolded our statesmen for securing Wei-hai-wei, as placing us in an attitude of direct opposition to Russia. But official Russia does not seem to mind in the least. The fact is that Russian diplomats can afford to wait. Time and the Czar are two. Whenever Russia has been hurried out of her deliberate stride—as in the Crimean War and the last Turkish War—the result has been disastrous.

It is a curious case of the essential contrariness of human nature that the chorus of denunciation against the ambition and aggression of Albion is always loudest when Albion is least grasping and warlike. When we do take something, we win a brief exemption from being denounced as robbers. The explanation is quite natural. Continental journalism is largely influenced by Governments, and a Government generally goes on the principle of keeping bad language for States whose friendship is regarded as valueless and their enmity innocuous. Now a State that has a big navy and can use it, that can exact concession for concession, and that has just given a striking proof of its resources in African War, is a Power that is still worth cultivating. Hence these courtesies, or this moderation in language.

Another reflection is forced on the unbiassed observer, namely, that a good many international difficulties and quarrels never get outside the newspapers in which they begin and flourish. We must have excitement and interest in our journals, and, if nothing will happen, what are we to do? We need not invent our events, as is the way with the "yellow" press of the United States; but there are always plenty of rumours about, and it is not a penal offence to be lenient in admitting these. "It is rumoured," or "we hear from a well-informed correspondent," will cover anything sufficiently. Then, even if the leading article dilates sensational on the alarming prospect, it can "save the face" of the Editor by prefacing with, "If this startling intelligence be true," and report and article will be forgotten next day.

By the way, people now say more and more "if it is true," and not "if it be." The dropping of the subjunctive is one of the features of the change in English style. There seems no reason why we should stick to the subjunctive, and it undoubtedly looks pedantic. The French—and their language is, within its limits, an almost perfect medium of expression—have long associated *si* with the indicative alone. Etymologically the grammar is just as good, the vividness greater. To "give" or "grant" (which is what all conditional particles mean) that something *is* so is as reasonable as to give or grant that something may be so. In fact, it presents the picture of the condition more clearly to the mental eye. Is there not a whole history of the growth of realism in that simple substitution of "if it is" for "if it be"? MARMITON.

"THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE IMPECUNIOUS DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (MR. W. ELTON).



THE DUCHESS (MISS 'ROSINA' BRANDHAM).



LUIZ, THE DUKE'S DRUMMER (MR. JONES HEWSON).

*From the sunny Spanish shore, His Grace of Plaza-Tor'-and His Grace's Duchess true—and His Grace's daughter, too—
And His Grace's private drum to Venetia's shores have come.*



THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER (MISS RUTH VINCENT).

"THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE DRUMMER WOOING THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER.

*Ah, icell beloved, mine angry frown is but a gown
That serves to dress my gentleness!*



LUIZ AND CASILDA HAILED AS KING AND QUEEN.

*When others claimed thy dainty hand,
I waited—waited—waited—waited.*



GIANETTA (MISS OWEN), THE WIFE OF MARCO (MR. KENNINGHAM).

*Now, Marco dear, my wishes hear: while you're away
It's understood you will be good, and not too gay.*



TESSA (MISS HENRI) AND HER HUSBAND GIUSEPPE (MR. H. LYTTON).

*You'll sit and mope all day, I hope, and shed a tear
Upon the life your little wife is passing here.*

"THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS EMMIE OWEN AS GIANETTA.

"THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE KING'S FOSTER-MOTHER (MISS JESSIE POUNDS).

*The Royal Prince was by the King entrusted
To my fond care, ere I grew old and crusted.*



THE GRAND INQUISITOR (MR. PASSMORE).

*I stole the Prince, and I brought him here,
And left him, gaily prattling.*



THE DUKE INSTRUCTS THE GONDOLIERS IN THE ART OF ETIQUETTE.



TESSA AND GIANETTA.

"THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE GONDOLIERS PICTURE THE TIME WHEN THEY WILL BE KINGS AND QUEENS.

Whenever she condescends to walk, be sure she'll shine at that; with her haughty stare, and her nose in the air, like a well-born aristocrat!



THE GONDOLIERS AND THEIR WIVES.

*In a contemplative fashion, and a tranquil frame of mind, free from every kind of passion, some solution let us find.
Let us grasp the situation, solve the complicated plot—quiet, calm deliberation disentangles every knot.*

THE FAILURES OF WOMEN IN ART.

I. In Literature.	IV. In Science.	VII. In Cookery.
II. In Music.	V. In Politics.	VIII. In Painting.
III. In Medicine.	VI. In Fashions.	IX. In Sculpture.

III.—IV.

Science ought to go booming along now. The kitchen doors have been unlocked and the laboratory doors have been thrown wide open, and the emancipated are free and willing to help their former masters to find out what sort of a world this is they live in, how knowledge may be gathered and applied, and, altogether, how this earth can be made into a respectable place for rational beings to live in. There is no reason in this wide world why women should not be just as good scientists as men. Havelock Ellis has enumerated hundreds and hundreds of points wherein man and woman differ, from the buttoning of their coats to the turn of their ears; but he never found any reason to suppose they had not the same clear eye for truth; and what more is necessary to make a scientist? Science, as everybody knows, is the search for truth, and truth is—well, women know what it is quite as well as men.

Every woman, then, or nearly every one, has the first essential in her to become a scientist. There are those stupid mortals, of course, who believe her handicapped by untold ages of bondage, the effects of which only centuries can efface, forgetting the rather evident fact that every woman is the daughter of her father, who, of course, must have transmitted to her what share he had of a scientific spirit. What nonsense is this that bondage makes slaves. Whoever was a slave in body that was not first a slave in mind? No theoretical psychologist could point out any obstacle to woman's success in science; but the ominous fact remains that those thousands of years she has been content to darn the stockings and cook the dinners of the men that groped about among the dark things of the world. In that rôle she has been rather a success. Indirectly, she has helped science; directly, at times, she has impeded its progress; but our knowledge of the earth, its position in the universe, the contour of its surface, of its living things and dead, the application of force, the shaping of means to ends, have never been indebted to her for one hand's turn. She came up from the kitchen to the laboratory, then, with no very encouraging record behind her.

How has she done since she came into the laboratory? To tell the truth, she has never been anything much better than superior bottle-washer. It is over twenty years since Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake battered down the doors of Edinburgh University and led her cohort in; it is rather more since Miss Elizabeth Garrett took her M.D. at the University of Paris and fairly started the crusade in London, and woman ought by now to be justifying the space she has occupied and the time and money she has spent in laboratories. Take the publications of any scientific society whatever, and if there are any contributions by women, they are of the most minor degree of importance, and, curiously enough, almost never done alone, but in company with a man, commonly her teacher. Even in the laboratory, you observe, that pleasant ivy-like trait inherent in woman comes out; she cannot hang up her sex with her hat on the peg behind the laboratory door. The *Proceedings* of the Royal Society, which contain what are supposed to be important contributions to every branch of science, contain in recent years only one paper published with a woman as its sole author. It is a long, diffuse, painstaking, and dreary "Microscopic and Systematic Study of Madreporarian Types of Corals."

In laboratories, which are really only superior sorts of kitchens, where retorts and test-tubes replace kettles and saucepans, especially in those devoted to bacteriology, chemical physiology, or even to chemistry, woman ought to find herself at home and have scope for any skill that former experience or heredity may have brought her. But the majority of teachers find her "messy" and awkward, clumsy and unskilful in manipulation—in fact, a degree worse than the opposite sex, which is giving her a very bad character indeed. A bacteriologist is a cook that makes soups, thick or clear, and jellies of many kinds, then sows bacteria in them, examines his cultures under the microscope, and gives them their usual names if he knows them, and a new name if he does not. That is the kind of work a woman ought to do well. A good few of them do work of this kind, but they are only journeymen workmen, even the best of them, such as Lydia Rabinowitch, who is an authority on thermophilic bacteria, or Grace Frankland, who has studied the bacteria found in water fit to drink and water quite unfit. But there is not a master among them; they follow the lines and methods already prescribed by man. But, then, it must not be forgotten they make quite as good workmen as many men.

It does not matter whether it is embryology or entomology, the class of work which woman applies herself to is of the same mediocre kind. It is often useful and good work, such as that done by Miss Ormerod, entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society and Board of Trade, who is certainly as familiar with plant pests as any man in this country. Miss Julia Platt, an American lady, may be taken as typical of a small band of women that have taken to biology; she has made a very painstaking research into the early segmentation of embryos; but it is a man that has to interpret the meaning of the facts she observes. It would be very wrong of me to suggest that woman is a useless factor in science. Given the material, the instruments, the methods, and the object of the research, and she will do almost as good work as some men, and better than many. But she is clearly only a journeyman in science.

It is in those branches of science approaching the abstract, such as pure mathematics, that women excel. Madame Sophie Kowalevsky knew mathematics enough to be able to beat all male competitors for the chair in Upsala, her memory being perpetuated not because she made any contribution to her subject, but because she was a woman. Even in mathematics women are only second-rate, and rare at that.

What of the lady Wranglers? Did not Miss Fawcett excel all the men that came against her? That is perfectly true, and, if examinations were the aim and end of science, then women would beat men in almost every department. At the London University, in science and in medicine, women on the average leave the men behind; examinations bring out good law-abiding mediocrity at the top; they are tests of memory, application, and clearness of perception—all very good qualities, and in all of these women excel. Yet, if it were possible to frame examinations that would test the candidates' ability in the same way as it is afterwards tested in the affairs of the world, it would be found that only a few women can match the ability shown by many men. Examiners have told me that in clinical examinations, in examinations where knowledge has to be applied and where resource has to be shown, only a very few women reach a standard of mediocrity. No woman, not even in obstetrics, which is a branch of medicine women ought to make almost their own, has made a contribution of even passing value to medicine.

To sum up then. There is no prospect of woman coming to man's aid as a leader in any branch of science; the addition of the sex will not in any way assist the progress of knowledge; some of them may make useful laboratory assistants, many of them may become respectable chemists, physicians, obstetricians, and teachers, but for most of them it will still be most profitable for the world and for themselves to direct their energies in grooves and directions that they have made their own from time immemorial. Just one word more. All men are not men, and all women are not women; there are hybrids between the sexes, and it is they that make all the clamour, and it is only fair that they should have means of livelihood open to both sexes thrown open to them.

THE ROMANCE OF A RAILWAY.*

Mr. Charles H. Grinling, whose father served the Great Northern for over forty years, and whose brother is one of its officials, has written a history of that railway which is full of adventure. One seems to feel in this large volume the throb of the engine as it grew in size and quickened in pace. Many other railway characters figure in the history, but, although the author is not a blind eulogist, the Great Northern is really his hero—a hero who commenced work in the country in a very small way, but who, half a century ago, came to London, and, after a hard fight with "Euston Square" and other rivals, became one of the princes of the land. Among those who nursed the ambitious railway and who fought the battles of its manhood were Mr. Edmund Denison, "Father" of the Great Northern, and his son, who became Sir Edmund Beckett, and afterwards Lord Grimthorpe. Its adversaries included not only Sir Edward Watkin, but an earlier and greater Railway King, the mighty Hudson himself, who was deeply interested in the rival Midland. The Great Northern, originally known as the London and York, came into existence in 1845, the Committee which passed the Bill meeting in a wooden shed, as the old Houses of Parliament had been burned down and the new were not yet complete.

At that time and for several years later the popular route to Scotland was *via* Rugby, Normanton, York, and Newcastle. In 1848 the West Coast route was established, and in 1850 the new service was opened from King's Cross. The Queen and Prince Albert chose this route to Scotland in August 1851. From the beginning of 1855 there was a through service from King's Cross to Perth, and shortly afterwards it was extended to Aberdeen. Meantime keen fights took place for the traffic of the Midlands and of Yorkshire and Lancashire. So bitterly were these contests carried on that in 1852 a Great Northern locomotive was kidnapped by Midland engines at Nottingham. The railway hero of Mr. Grinling's book was early distinguished for speed. More than forty years ago the Manchester "fliers" did the journey to Sheffield at forty-two miles an hour. It is, however, in the long services to Scotland that most interest will be taken. In 1850 the journey to Edinburgh occupied twelve hours; but by 1869 there was a ten-hour service. Three years later the time by the East Coast was reduced to nine and a-half hours. The rivalry of the central route led to a further reduction of half an hour. Subsequently the West Coast companies did the service in the same time, but, as the East Coast had a "physical superiority," a spirited contest ensued in 1888, until the running was done in seven and a-half hours, when a truce was patched up, and the best times fixed at eight hours and a half. The opening of the Forth Bridge led to the more exciting race to Aberdeen. Having now a shorter route by sixteen and a-half miles, the East Coast companies, in 1895, repeatedly accelerated their trains to the Granite City; but, however quickly they ran, they found, morning after morning, the West Coast racer already on the other side of the Dee. At last they satisfied their honour on Aug. 21 by reaching Aberdeen fourteen and a-half minutes ahead of the rival train. After this there was no more racing, although on the following night the West Coast beat all records by doing the whole journey in eight hours thirty-two minutes, a speed of 63½ miles per hour.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BETWEEN THE GASPS.

MISS JONES: Really—Mr. Rugger—you won't—mind—my—hinting that this—is a waltz—not a football scrimmage!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Two new books, written to the praise and glory of the Navy, lie before me. One is the Earl of Camperdown's Life of his ancestor, Admiral Duncan (Longmans), a volume of excellent material so carelessly thrown together as to be almost unreadable by any save enthusiasts, but worth looking into. If you are prepared to do some of the work which was the natural duty of the biographer, you will disentangle good stuff, and may compose for yourself a picture of a fine old seaman, one with the best traditional virtues of the English naval commander, simplicity and devotion. Duncan experienced peculiar difficulties, and, with no supreme abilities, he was man enough to conquer them. The story of the Mutiny of the Fleet alone was worth making a book about—at least, it was worth telling with decent coherence.

The other book is of a very different quality. Into "Drake and the Tudor Navy" (Longmans) Mr. Julian Corbett has put an enormous amount of conscientious labour and careful workmanship. The result is a great success, surely even a popular success. The book will be read as well as studied, and I have little doubt but that a cheap edition of it will be called for ere long. It is learned, it is detailed; there are portions which only the expert can appreciate to the full. It contains something approaching to a scientific exposition of the growth of the English Navy, an exposition which is sadly disturbing to common ideas on the matter. But Mr. Corbett's solid purposes have not exhausted his vigour, and he has not thought it beneath him to attend to the picturesque and romantic part of the story. Drake has never been so deftly handled before. Just how much of him was bold corsair, how much far-seeing statesman, how much fanatic Protestant, will ever remain in doubt. But Mr. Corbett's reading of the great sailor's career and character is plausible and convincing. For almost the first time he appears as a man who pondered and thought out his great enterprises, instead of an adventurer ever on the rush. The narratives of his voyages and of the skirmishes with Spain by land and sea are in excellent style. Though written for serious students, it will seem to boys as if Mr. Corbett had them specially in mind when he wrote "Drake and the Tudor Navy."

Mrs. Atherton's reputation should be greatly strengthened by her newest story, "American Wives and English Husbands" (Service and Paton). Critics of "Patience Sparhawk" who disliked it too much to give their admiration for its cleverness free rein, will be disarmed and reassured by this book, which is abler and infinitely more agreeable. Yet it does not begin in a style to make us confident. Mrs. Atherton has a habit of telling her heroines' histories from the beginning—an imprudent habit; it is so much safer to deal with a detached chapter than with an evolutionary narrative. Her evolutions never strike us as convincingly true, though they give opportunity for the introduction of interesting and varied incident. The childhood of Lee, afterwards the American wife of an English noble husband, it is perhaps out of place for us to criticise. That a little Californian girl of eleven should say to a boy chum of fourteen, "You'd be just perfect if you thought girls were more important than yourself," may be all right, or it may be put in for the sake of the "evolution." Not as a sentiment, but as a speech, it sounds a little monstrous to English readers—that's all. The English boy addressing a lady as "ma'am" is familiar by comparison. But when the fair Westerner marries the lord and comes to the ancestral abbey and acres there is no more fault to be found with the book. As a good-humoured satire on the "Englishman as Husband" it is excellent. A candid fellow countryman of Cecil's must own there is no exaggeration in that good fellow's total and pathetic failure to comprehend that a husband's duties go beyond faithfulness, consistent affection, and invariable respect. For a wife to share her husband's serious interests infers already so vast a concession—if it be likewise a convenience—that the idea of her cherishing an independent existence of her own seems the last anarchy, the final disintegration. Much the cleverest, the subtlest, the most testing portion of the book is taken up with this situation, where Mrs. Atherton proves herself a satirist of excellent temper and sagacity. The atmosphere of the book is worldly beyond description—consciously so, and without apology.

It is a very different America that is reflected in Bret Harte's "Tales of Trail and Town" (Chatto), his latest book of short stories. It is the rustic America, the America of adventure, and the serious-minded America, that he tells of—not too brilliantly, by the way, this time, for the stories are mostly a little slipshod in style and some of them decidedly third-rate in matter. But there is a breath of the wild in his most careless efforts, a sturdy air of unashamed republicanism, which looks so dignified, and even patrician, beside the tales of degenerate and elegant New York millionaire ladies, leering at Europe, and which refreshingly calls to our mind that the millionaire decadents are, after all, but few in number and powerless to sap the strength of a vigorous race, aggressively itself, wholesomely ready to fight us on the slightest pretext. The two best stories in the book, "The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras" and "Three Truants," are devoted to the praise of boys. The unspoilt American urchin is an unending delight.

Among the best reprints to hand special reference may be made to Messrs. Dent's charming edition of "The Heart of Midlothian." It is accompanied by a beautiful miniature of Scott in 1797, and by another of Lady Scott as a young girl. The new Temple Classic is Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," which Dr. Horton has edited. In the noise of to-day this plea of yesterday is a delightful rest for tired people.

o. o.

TO A CUPID.

In days gone by, when maids would sigh
With a sad, yet a glad, "Heigh-ho!"
When a swain blushed red, then the sages said,
"Master Cupid has bent his bow!"



CUPID AND HIS DART.

As Pictured by Lambert Weston and Son, of Dover.

Though no one ever saw the elf,
They knew his word was law itself;
And one and all
Obeyed his call,
Despite the charms of power and pelf.

No giant he; they seemed to see
A dear little lad with wings;
He had curly hair and a freakish air,
Though he ruled with the rod of kings.
The fables said his eyes were blue,
He wore a barefaced guise like you;
They made him pose
In verse and prose,
The god who orders hearts to woo.

Despite your dart, I know 'twas Art
Gave you wings, but they can't deceive;
And a pinafore was the thing you wore
Ere you frolicked in make-believe.
You seem a fay, a flake so white,
And yet you cannot take to flight
As Cupid did,
What time he hid,
And shot his arrows left and right.

ENVOY.

One day you'll cause some heart to beat,
Or, tables turned, a maiden sweet
May learn the charm
Of Cupid's arm,
And bring you, Cupid, to her feet.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE TRIAL OF AN ADMIRAL.*

Few men have had more remarkable ups and downs in their career than Lord Cochrane, whose trial before Lord Ellenborough is one of the most notorious in judicial records. The eldest son of the ninth Earl of Dundonald, whose circumstances were in a state of hopeless embarrassment, Lord Cochrane entered the Navy in his 'teens, and his career from the time he attained independent command was a series of remarkable triumphs. In the spring of 1809 his last feat of arms under the British flag was performed at Basque Roads, with the aid of a flotilla of fire-ships, when, in order to avoid those dreaded engines, a large number of the French ships were run on shore and destroyed. For his share in the British victory Lord Cochrane received the Order of the Bath. Five years later he was tried, along with others, for circulating false rumours of the death of Napoleon in order to promote certain transactions on the Stock Exchange. Having been found guilty, he was ordered, as part of his penalty, to be set in the pillory opposite the Royal Exchange for one hour. This part of the sentence was not carried out, but he was imprisoned, dismissed from the Navy, degraded from the Order of the Bath, and expelled from the House of Commons. On being re-elected Member for Westminster, Lord Cochrane escaped from his ill-guarded prison in the King's Bench, and took his seat again in the House, but was promptly arrested by the officers of the law, and, after an unseemly personal struggle, was dragged from the precincts of the House. He was released, however, when he paid his fine, which he did with a £1000 bank-note endorsed with a defiant inscription. Lord Cochrane never ceased to protest his innocence and to attack Lord Ellenborough for unfairness in the trial. His language against the Judge was so strong that the report of one of his speeches in the decorous Hansard is strewn with "asterisk and dash." On his release from prison he moved for a Committee of Inquiry; but Sir Francis Burdett's was the only voice raised in favour of the motion, and nobody else voted for it. Yet, in 1832, after he had distinguished himself by his naval exploits in the service of several South American Governments, he received a free pardon from William IV., was reinstated in his rank, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the North America and West India station, and when he died in 1860 he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The false rumours with which Lord Cochrane was associated were spread in a remarkable way. A man of the name of De Berenger, a foreigner by birth, appeared outside the Ship Hotel at Dover on Feb. 21,

as an aide-de-camp to Lord Cathecart and the bearer of glorious tidings, he departed for London in a post-chaise and four, spreading the news that Napoleon Bonaparte was dead, and that peace would soon be made. As a result of these welcome tidings, Omnitum stock, which was at



LORD COCHRANE, TENTH EARL OF DUNDONALD (1775-1860).

27½ premium, rose to 30. Lord Cochrane, who had been a deep speculator in Omnitum, sold out the whole of his balance that day, and two other persons with whom he was closely connected were even more deeply involved. It was also a suspicious circumstance that De Berenger, on reaching London, drove to the noble lord's house. There he got rid of his military disguise, and procured a round hat and black coat, in which he went to his own lodgings. Lord Cochrane's account of the circumstance was given in an affidavit. He stated that on the morning in question he was occupied at a workshop in Snow Hill in connection with a lamp patent, and, learning that an Army officer wanted to see him, he returned home at once, and found De Berenger, with whom he was slightly acquainted; that the object of the call was to induce Lord Cochrane to allow him to go on board the *Tonnant* as an instructor of musketry; that he was unable to assent to this, but, at De Berenger's request, provided him with a civilian dress.

People will probably differ as long about Lord Cochrane's innocence or guilt as about the expediency of cutting off Charles the First's head. An immense amount of literature has been devoted to the controversy. In scores of books and pamphlets the story has been told from one point of view or another. By some writers Lord Ellenborough has been depicted as an unscrupulous, vindictive Jeffreys. In his Life of the Chief Justice, Lord Campbell gives a picture of a partisan judge striving to obtain a conviction at all hazards. A "more accurate account" of the famous trial, from the point of view of Lord Ellenborough's champions, is given in the bulky volume by Mr. J. B. Atlay, barrister-at-law. There is a preface by Commander Edward Downes Law, grandson of the Judge. After referring to the attacks on Lord Ellenborough published by "three generations of Earls of Dundonald," his descendant says that, when he finds that "an historian like the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, and a novelist of the stamp of Mr. G. A. Henty," form their opinion of the Judge's conduct from such publications, he considers it necessary to deal with the attacks seriously. Those who are fond of the study of great trials will find this volume of absorbing interest, and perhaps it will raise some reluctant doubts in the minds even of people who would have wished to believe so gallant a seaman to be innocent. The present Lord Dundonald claimed the arrears of back-pay which his grandfather lost during his expulsion from the Navy, and after a Parliamentary inquiry the Government gave him a grant of £5000.

A point is made of the fact that the grant was given "in respect of the distinguished services of his grandfather." It seems to the author that this form was expressly adopted to avoid conceding Lord Cochrane's contention that the arrears of pay were a "right consequent to his unjust deprivation." To the mind of Mr. Atlay, Lord Ellenborough stands out as "a strong, rough, imperious man, of unstained honour, loathing fraud and meanness, caring nothing for Ministers, or Cabinets, or mobs, but resolved to administer justice, and nothing but justice."



LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

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1814, dressed in a grey military greatcoat, and a scarlet uniform embroidered with gold lace, a star on his breast, a silver medal suspended from his neck, and having a small portmanteau with him. Announcing himself

* "Lord Cochrane's Trial before Lord Ellenborough." By J. B. Atlay. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE
THEATRES.

Within ten days four American plays have been produced in London—"The Heart of Maryland," at the Adelphi; "The Belle of New York," at the Shaftesbury; "The Conquerors," at the St. James's; and "Too Much Johnson," at the Garrick. "The Belle of New York" will cause quite a flutter among our gilded youths and patrons of "whisky states," for, though the class of entertainment has no novelty, the players and mode of performance may be regarded as "eye-openers." Our languid young ladies of the class commonly called "Gaiety Girls" will have to take a back seat, for the handsome, bustling, busy maidens of the Casino Theatre

have a devilment in their work that "knocks spots off" our performers. As for the thing, the piece, one need not say much. The plot is naught, and the handling of it less. Who cares a rap whether young Bronson, as fickle a fellow as Mr. Hardy's Tony Kytes, marries Cora, or Kissie Fitzgarter—there is plenty of *mal y pense* about her—or Fifi, or Violet? Who cares whether the "polite lunatic" ceremoniously murders the

President of the Young Men's Rescue League or his prodigal son? Who conceived the absolutely idiotic device employed to bring about a *dénouement*?

What we really care about is the fun that comes from curious comic business such as the wildcat fight between the polite lunatic, whose part was played quite brilliantly by Mr. Sullivan, and the wicked, hypocritical old Bronson; the wonderful effect of the stage dresses, which, to use the old tag, began too late and ended too soon—at least, that is the opinion one ought to hold about them; the clever singing of piquant Miss Edna May; the languorous songs ably rendered by Miss Phyllis Rankin, who can out-Held Miss Anna; the verve and dash of Miss Dupont; the wonderful whistling

and dancing of Mr. Schiller, and the strange humours of Mr. Dan Daly. No doubt, one requires some familiarity with him to appreciate truly Mr. Daly, a grim humorist of real quality and, to us, novel method. Perhaps it wasn't "all lavender"; by-the-bye, the effect of the candy-store scene painted in tones of lavender, or rather, hydrangea, with the appearance of dozens of pretty girls in costumes of different tones



"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."



"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

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GOLF.

Another golf club has been started at Wimbledon. There are already two clubs on the Common, the Royal Wimbledon and the London Scottish. The new course is in Wimbledon Park. It has eighteen holes, and extends over three miles. There are no restrictions here such as exist on the Common—indeed, the “links” of the Wimbledon Park Golf Club are to be open on Sundays. The turf is good, and natural hazards are provided by the trees, the hedges, and the water. Peter Paxton, the Tooting professional, who laid out the course, reports very highly on its “sporting” character. He admits, however, that it is easier than the Tooting course, which, by the way, is in admirable condition now. Rowland Johns, who was at Littlehampton for several years, is the professional at Wimbledon Park, and on the opening day beat Paxton. The first ball was driven off by Mr. Horace Hutchinson. In such circumstances one rarely does well, and the amateur ex-champion skied his ball, sending it only fifty yards. A first ball in Scotland is rushed after by the spectators, and the finder may get a sovereign for it. At Wimbledon no one showed eagerness to obtain the ball driven by Mr. Hutchinson until Paxton went for it and presented it to the secretary.

Lord Mansfield's record as the second-oldest golfer in Scotland has been mentioned in *The Sketch*. There are other respects in which the noble lord holds the record. He is the oldest living peer of the realm, being ninety-two years of age; he is the senior Knight of the Thistle, having received his blue ribbon in 1843; and he is also the senior member of the Carlton Club, to which he was admitted

in 1832. Lord Mansfield, having been elected for Woodstock in 1829, sat in the unreformed House of Commons. There are only two other survivors of that assembly, both now being peers. Like Mr. Gladstone, he was a Lord of the Treasury in Sir Robert Peel's Administration of 1834-35.

The Calcutta Ladies' Golf Club gave their annual At Home on Feb. 16, when the challenge bowls for last year and other prizes were

presented to the winners. Mrs. Laurence Jenkins, vice-president of the club, gave away the prizes, in the absence of Lady MacKenzie, the president. The challenge bowl presented by the Calcutta Golf Club was won by Mrs. Bush; the club prize for the best scratch score in the match for the bowl went to Mrs. H. C. Begg, the Lady Lansdowne medal to Mrs. Lorraine King, captain of the club, the Ker challenge bowl and lowest score medal to Mrs. Ker, and the monthly

competition medal to Miss Sinclair. The driving competition held at the At Home was won by Mrs. Bush with a drive of 121 yards; the presence of a multitude of guests and the band, I am told, proved rather detrimental to good driving, and few of the competitors drove “up to form.” Golf flourishes exceedingly in India, and the Ladies' Club in Calcutta, founded in 1891, has a long roll of members and is in a sound financial state. Anglo-Indian golfers of both sexes have told me that only they who have played the game in the East know what a perfect caddie is: the mere onlooker sees only a wisp of black humanity labouring under a bag of clubs taller and stouter than himself; but the grave politeness of this black wisp and his amazing tact when following a “duffer” are things the St. Andrews or North Berwick player sighs for in vain.



MEMBERS OF THE CLUB NOW IN CALCUTTA.



WATCHING A DRIVING COMPETITION. NOTICE THE DUSKY CADDIES ON THE RIGHT.

THE EASTER MANŒUVRES.

That our Volunteers now take their calling much more seriously than they did a few years ago is proved, among other things, by the manner of their Easter outing, which may be said to commence the serious business of the outdoor year. Formerly this outing was a mere pretext for a huge Easter Monday picnic, a grand military spectacle of the Astley Circus kind, a blank-cartridge treat to Metropolitan trippers. But now they have changed all that, and substituted the practical work of soldiering for the panoramic business of strolling players. They know that the eyes of the country, of the Government, of the War Office, are upon them more than ever with critical intent, and they are determined to live up to the serious character of the times in which they wear the Queen's uniform and draw their capitation grants. Work more than Easter Monday show is now their serious aim, and it is the lack of opportunity, more than the lack of zeal, which prevents them from being more efficient and readier to take the field in the case of invasion than they are.

Formerly our Volunteers made an Easter exodus from the Metropolis in the manner of the Children of Israel when they finally quitted the land of Egypt, all in a body, very much resembling what the Americans were at the beginning of the Civil War—an armed mob. But now, under the altered conditions of work of which they have so cheerfully recognised the necessity, they take their departure, in single battalions and brigades, to all the points of the compass. Their chief horror is now of crowds, especially crowds of themselves. Union makes for strength—in everything, perhaps, except the training of our Volunteers, and in this respect disunion is now the accepted rule. That is why, instead of all crowding down to Brighton, or Folkestone, or Eastbourne, as they were wont to do, in order to "make a London holiday," our citizen soldiers now break themselves up into separate bodies, and, turning their backs on mere panoramic effect, repair to places where they can practise battalion drill and attack-formation, barrack-room discipline and outpost duty, with profit to themselves and advantage to their country. If ever there was a step in the right direction, this is surely one—all the more so as this is in the direction of Aldershot, Colchester, and our other great military centres, for the most marked tendency of our Volunteers within the last year or two has been to establish touch with their comrades of the Regular Army, and to profit by the superior experience and discipline of the latter, at the cost, perhaps, of a little ridicule. "It is only ridicule that kills," say the French; but, in the case of our Volunteers, a little laughter does them a great deal of good—as it will do anyone who is anxious to learn. Aldershot and Colchester are the headquarters respectively of our First and Second Army Corps, which Lord Wolseley lately boasted he could get ranked up on our quays for foreign service.

Never before at Easter has either Aldershot or Colchester opened its barrack-rooms for the quartering of Volunteers; and even if those Volunteers learned nothing else from their juxtaposition with the Regulars than the discipline of the barrack-room, their gain would be great. It is astonishing what the *genius loci* can do to form the character of a soldier, and perhaps the most gratifying thing connected with our citizen soldiers is the increased esteem in which they are now held by Mr. Tommy Atkins. In point of physique, some of our London battalions of Volunteers are now decidedly superior to the stay-at-home Line battalions of our "Tommies"; while in the performance of some of their duties—outpost service, for example, and others which call for the display of alertness and intelligence—the former showed themselves at the late Easter outing to be worthy of all praise. Even in respect of marching—as evidenced by the *étapes* made by several Metropolitan detachments in repairing to their respective rendezvous—it is clear that many of our citizen soldiers have nothing to learn from our salaried soldiers.

With more highly trained officers and a month or two of rigorous camp life, Volunteers would be equal to any emergency with which they are ever likely to be called upon to deal. But the late manœuvres at Aldershot, Colchester, Canterbury, Sheerness, and elsewhere, have amply proved that the Volunteer of to day is very much more of an effective fence than he was even ten years ago, and fifty per cent. more of a soldier than he was in the first ten years of his life in the force. *Cela va bien pourvu que cela dure.* If the Volunteer is not yet so good a fighting-man as he ought to be, this is not so much his own fault as that of his Government and of the adverse circumstances with which he has to struggle.

Perhaps the Volunteer makes the least favourable impression when doing field-day work, such as that which wound up the outing at Aldershot on the Fox Hills; but, in spite of all modification of the old panoramic system, Easter Monday, with its thousands of spectators, still claims a certain amount of respect for bygone usages of the purely spectacular kind, and it cannot be expected that a battle of Romping Down should be marked by the same splendid precision of movement and the same rigid observance of discipline and the rules of tactics as were displayed at the battle of the Atbara, when our Anglo-Egyptian Army, headed by the Cameron Highlanders, captured by a *coup-de-main* the strongly intrenched position of Mahmoud, the lieutenant of the Khalifa. But even in respect of a field-day sham-fight on a large scale, our Volunteers also show signs of great improvement. Above all things, they now take their field-day pleasures "very seriously," as old Froissart remarked of the English of his time; and seriousness is ever half the battle in all soldiering.

"THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It was the evening of the day that followed the Battle of Sedan, and the German officers quartered in the Castle of Grandpré were in high spirits. Eric von Rodeck, the pet of the regiment, chivalrously taking advantage of the fact that their involuntary hostess had no protector, had amused himself by breaking the china and *bibelots* and damaging the family portraits, and, well content with his warlike exploits, sat down to a luxurious dinner with four fellow officers—gentlemen as delicate in feeling as himself—and five infamous Frenchwomen, whom these *preux chevaliers* had brought to the castle of their reluctant Amphitryon, Mdlle. Yvonne de Grandpré. This vile gang made such a noise in its coarse revelries that Yvonne came to see what was taking place; so the charming Eric insulted her grossly, and she threw a glass of wine in his face.

This glass of wine deeply wounded the sense of honour of the German who had none, and he resolved to avenge the insult infamously; in fact, by the process of making "dishonours easy." So he followed her to the cabaret of the Silver Trout; whither she went to visit her brother Hugo, who was hiding from the Germans, with a price upon his head.

Two brother officers accompanied Eric, who, in a scene that suggests the great sensational effect of "The Masqueraders," dined with them to determine whose property should be the woman hiding in the inn. Eric won. When the others heard that the woman was Yvonne, they protested against the crime proposed by Eric, and then, like chivalrous gentlemen, having made the protest, they marched out and left Yvonne to her fate. Now, Yvonne had much money with her, and the drunken sot of a landlord, who, having a beautiful wife married two years before, wanted money to spend in vice, decided to murder Yvonne for the money.

The unhappy daughter of a noble race seemed between the German and the deep sea. Eric began the proceedings by telling the girl his infamous scheme of revenge; then, after jeering at her cries for help, he put out most of the lights and tried to lay hands on her, and she, being a high-spirited, energetic girl, after rushing about for a moment or two, burst into hysterical laughter and fainted. The German, fired presumably by her heroism, fell honestly in love with her, and left the inn and her alone. Then came the effort of the innkeeper, but he was clumsy in his attempts at murder and made a noise, so Eric returned and killed him.

Yvonne came to the conclusion that the Prussian had murdered the innkeeper because he had attempted, too late, to save her honour, so she determined to kill Eric. The determination was needless, since the young officer immediately got into trouble on account of the death of the innkeeper. For the German General, since Eric, with no conceivable reason, except perhaps that he felt unfit to live, refused to give an excuse for killing the innkeeper, advised him to get himself shot in action, so as to save himself from being cashiered.

In the meantime, Hugo de Grandpré had been masquerading in the castle in the uniform of a German officer. Yvonne found Eric alone in the drawing-room, sitting at a table and talking out loud to himself, with the view of informing anyone who chose to listen that he had fallen in love with Yvonne. She crept up behind him and stabbed him as hard as she could with the knife that had killed the innkeeper, and then immediately fell in love with him, apparently because he was the enemy of her country, was a despicable cad, and because she believed he had behaved towards her like an infamous blackguard. Hugo entered and wanted to polish off Master Eric with a revolver shot, but the family priest caused the chapel-bell to be rung, which proved to Hugo that Eric was dead.

Full of her new-born love, Yvonne, aided, no doubt, by the priest, dragged Eric to her bedroom, where she accomplished a "record" cure, for in less than two hours he was able to walk about and wear his uniform. Yvonne's patriotic sister, Babiole, during her love-making with another German, disclosed the fact that Hugo was disguised as a German officer, so off went her lover to give the alarm. It became necessary for Hugo to leave; moreover, he had valuable information for General Bourbaki, who was close at hand with a large army. His one real chance of escape lay through Yvonne's room, but the noble French maid preferred to risk the life of her brother rather than that of her German lover, and sent Hugo through the garden, full, she knew, of Prussian soldiers waiting for him.

However, the soldiers made bad shots, and Hugo came back unhurt. In the meantime Eric had come out of Yvonne's room, and since he forgot his duty, as German officer, to give the alarm, Hugo escaped. The new misconduct of Eric caused the German General to point out that he ought to be shot: however, he gave him a chance of honourable death, and sent him tottering off to blow up a bridge, on the destruction of which depended the fate of this part of the German army: one is almost sorry for the German army. Before Eric went, he explained to Yvonne the truth about the innkeeper's death, and she promised to marry him if he lived through the war.

It appears that this curious tissue of absurdities and improbabilities has had some success in New York, though several of the American critics have spoken strongly against the subject and mode of treatment, and it is quite certain that it will offend many English playgoers. Serious criticism can hardly be applied to it, since, in form, it is the crudest melodrama, unaided by any touch of art. The St. James's company gave an able performance of a work demanding no very great skill.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 20, 8.2; Thursday, 8.4; Friday, 8.6; Saturday, 8.7; Sunday, 8.9; Monday, 8.11; Tuesday, 8.12.

The care and stabling of bicycles appears to be a remunerative sort of business. A day or two ago, I had occasion to leave my machine in the Paddington office especially set aside for the storage of bicycles, and, when I reclaimed it on the following day, the official in charge told me that nearly a thousand machines had passed through his hands since the previous morning. The price charged is fourpence for each machine, and twopence for every day after the first day it is left there. Supposing, therefore, that the company net £10 a-day, or, let us say, for greater safety, £50 a-week, upon an average, the return for the initial outlay of capital cannot be grumbled at. A few bicycle stables started in suitable parts of the Metropolis ought, if properly managed and advertised, to prove "going concerns" from the first.

Last Season a lady well known in Society was wont to "pose" in Hyde Park upon her bicycle. Every fine day she was to be seen between eleven o'clock and noon seated upright and motionless, and apparently

I have heard that, according to English law, a dog is allowed one bite at human flesh and may then escape with a severe reprimand, but any subsequent bite will bring condign punishment upon the offender. Possibly French law may be different, or it may be that the canine criminal is clever enough to evade arrest, after the manner of a certain notorious character who frequented the neighbourhood of Whitechapel some years ago. Be that as it may, the streets of Paris, according to a French cycling journal, are at the present time rendered peculiarly dangerous to cyclists by the presence of a mysterious dog, which is in the habit of rushing out at any gentleman he sees wheeling past, biting him in the leg, and quickly disappearing again into his "lurking den," whence he darts forth upon the next cyclist that comes his way and repeats the offence. Rumour says that this ferocious beast was once run over by a cyclist, and has since then borne a grudge against the whole race and has vowed by all the heads of Cerberus that he will be avenged and will have blood for blood.

While on the subject of dogs, I may mention a curious invention which, I learn from a contemporary, has been brought about by a citizen of Strasbourg. That dogs are commonly used on the Continent as draught animals is, of course, well known; we are familiar enough with the



A HALT BY THE WAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RAMELL, SITTINGBOURNE.

quite at her ease, her front wheel being turned almost at right angles to her back wheel, and there she would converse with her large circle of friends and admirers.

Waggish loafers prowling in the Park in the morning were wont to allude to her as the "living picture," and to wonder whether her example would be emulated by other expert cyclists anxious to pose in a like manner. Apparently she has succeeded in setting the fashion, for now on any fine morning half-a-dozen or more fair cyclists and as many men may be seen posing, or, as they call it, resting, in this way in Battersea Park. Perhaps some camera fiend will think it worth his while to visit Battersea Park in order to "snap" the living pictures referred to.

I hear that the lady who lately scorched down Piccadilly behind a fire-engine, and, on her way, severely injured a blind man standing on the kerb at the corner of Dover Street, is "wanted." I hear that many cyclists are using tyres covered with leather said to be non-puncturable. I hear that no less than a dozen different firms of bicycle-makers insinuate that they built the machine now ridden on the Riviera by our illustrious Prince. I hear that the Prince is likely to be seen cycling in Battersea Park shortly. I hear that he will set the long-needed fashion of cycling in knickerbocker breeches. I hear lamentations from more and more cyclists whose machines have been stolen. I hear of many cases of assault committed on cyclists riding alone in country lanes, and I hear of one lady who nearly blinded her cowardly assailant by squirting liquid ammonia at him with a little apparatus sold for the purpose of driving away yapping curs.

Belgian or German milk-cart drawn by one or more dogs. But that they should be used for assisting in the propulsion of a tricycle is a novelty. The poor beast is harnessed at the back of the machine, and pushes it, while the rider pedals in the usual manner. One is inclined to think this canine auxiliary might frequently be more of a hindrance than a help, for the inconvenience of having constantly to look behind to see if the dog is doing its work, and to inflict the necessary chastisement if it is not, would scarcely be compensated for by any extra power to be obtained.

Another mechanical genius, an American I believe, has conceived the idea of increasing the motive-power in a bicycle by the use of a small windmill fixed above the handlebar, the sails of which are set in motion by the rush of air when the bicycle is ridden, and by means of a bevel gear the power thus obtained is transmitted to the driving-wheel. I confess I am sceptical as to the utility of this invention, and have no intention at present of adding a windmill to my cycling accessories.

A correspondent of the *Hub* congratulates himself on being one of the few, if not the only person, who has coasted down Bond Street. Needless to say, this feat was not performed at four o'clock in the afternoon, but in the early hours of a Sunday morning, when he had the whole street to himself. The City on Sunday has long been a happy wheeling-ground for certain cyclists; and who knows but it may become the fashion this Season to rise early, say at three in the morning, in order to enjoy the refreshing novelty of a coast down Bond Street or Regent Street?

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

HOCKEY.

Hockey is yearly becoming more popular in the North. Evidence of this may be observed on any Saturday about noon in the season at the stations of the larger towns, especially round Manchester and Liverpool, when team after team may be seen making their way to the various grounds. Coupled with the decline of Rugby Union football, it would



THE FIRST ELEVEN OF THE HORWICH HOCKEY CLUB.

Photo by *Evetts, Horwich*.

seem that hockey will absorb an even greater number yet. The attraction of the game is the hard and stiff but not rough tussle, testing speed and endurance and tending to bring out the better qualities in its devotees. The Horwich Club, now in its fourth season, runs two teams, and has a member-roll of nearly forty, all keen players. The club is finishing a successful season, having won six out of eleven matches, drawn two and lost two, with a score of thirty-six goals against fifteen. This testifies at once to both the cleverness of the forwards and the soundness of the defence.

RACING NOTES

Mr. H. M. Dorling, who so ably manages the Epsom Meeting, is a wholesale paper-merchant in the City. He lives close to the racecourse, and finds time to superintend the work of keeping the track and stands in good order. Mr. Dorling is a J.P. of Surrey, and is Chairman of the Epsom Local Board. He also acts as Clerk of the Course to the Brighton Meeting, which accounts for the race-cards at each fixture being of similar build, whereby a good dose of advertisements can be taken. When Mr. Dorling used to make his own handicaps he had critics galore, but results in nine races out of ten proved him to have been quite correct in his judgment.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that closer finishes are chronicled in the Northern meetings than take place in the South. Dead-heats are of very rare occurrence at the South Country meetings, yet a day seldom passes in the North but the judge is unable to part first, second, or third horses in some race or the other. I have never yet been able to make out why this should be. Anyway, judging a race in the South must be simplicity itself when compared with acting in the box at the Northern meetings, where the horses seemingly finish all of a heap occasionally. History shows that North Country racegoers see much better sport than we do in the South.

The Newmarket First Spring Meeting will be a big Society function, as the Prince of Wales is to be present, together with many leading members of the nobility. The Two Thousand Guineas will, of course, be the big attraction of the week, and, from what I have heard during my journeys to headquarters of late, I think Ninus will win this valuable prize for Prince Soltykoff, although Wildfowler must go close if he is allowed to run. The One Thousand will attract a big field, and the winner may take some finding. I think, however, that Nun Nicer should capture it for Sir Blundell Maple, who has had cruel luck on the Turf of late.

If Chelendry should win the City and Suburban—and on paper she has a chance—I suppose the good people of Epsom will let off fireworks in honour of the event. The dwellers in the Town of Salts are very patriotic, and they believe in horses owned by local owners or animals that were trained on the downs. When Ilex won the Grand National

there were great doings at Epsom, and there would have been the same had Gauntlet only got home at Liverpool this year. But when Ladas and Sir Visto won their Derbys the rejoicings were greatest, and fireworks were plentiful at the Town of Salts—so much so, in fact, that parcels I despatched to the district had to be kept for the Oaks night.

Although there are very few big plungers operating on the Turf this year, the betting up to now has been heavy, and, as not a single big handicap has fallen to a favourite, the bookmakers have done well. At the same time, I have heard of some smart starting-price coups having been brought off, and it seems that one or two of the professional backers have agencies through which they can work these coups at any time. I believe the horse is sent to a bookmaker in each of the big towns in the North, who has to return the starting-price odds to, say, £100, and he can help himself after that; but he has to lay out the money in his own town, and is debarred from investing any on the course.

I have had occasion to complain of the statements scattered broadcast by touts who address circulars to all sorts of people, sporting and otherwise. For real, downright impudence the men who pretend to give the actual weights carried in trials will take some beating. Seeing that the jockeys themselves do not know what weights are carried, it is absurd to suppose that anyone, barring owner and trainer, can tell the secret. I often think that many of the trials that take place at Newmarket are got up for the benefit of the touts, and it is more than evident that trials, as reported, have not panned out at all well of late. On the other hand, I am of the opinion that sufficient care is not always taken to ensure that the trial shall be a safe guide to the race.

The majority of racegoers are very fond of fruit in the summer season, and I do think that Clerks of Courses ought to allow vendors of grapes, apples, not to say tomatoes, to ply their calling in the rings. The successful speculators can be often seen munching apples, pears, or tomatoes, but you look in vain for them at the front of the refreshment-bars. I have never seen Mr. R. H. Fry drink on a racecourse, but I have often noticed him enjoying a William or a basket of strawberries, and backers cannot do better than fight the layers at their own game.

I am told that it is quite easy to join some of the racing clubs. Of course, I do not refer to Sandown Park, where the Committee of Election is composed of many members of the nobility, including Prince Soltykoff, the Dukes of Devonshire, Montrose, and Wellington, and many others. The Sandown circle is a select one, but, in the case of some of the clubs, I have myself seen butchers and fishmongers in the enclosures, and perhaps they were elected members on account of their riches. I have, however, noticed that those clubs that include this class of member do not flourish like the select ones, and the reason is not far to seek.

CAPTAIN COE.

The Canadian schoolboy is nothing if not hardy. Here is a snapshot of a match played between the Montreal High School and the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, at Montreal.

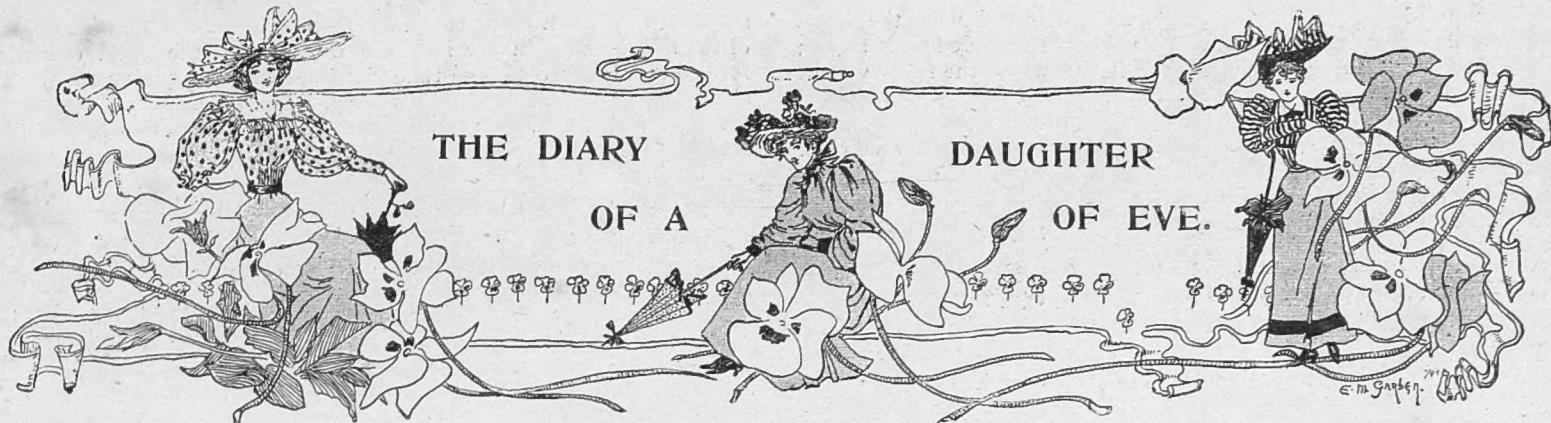
The Great Northern Railway Company announce that, commencing on May 1 next, they will bring into operation a reduced scale of charges for the conveyance of parcels by passenger-train. A copy of the revised



FOOTBALL IN THE SNOW.

Photo by *Radford, Montreal*.

scale and full particulars may be obtained on application at any Great Northern Station or Town Office, or from the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station, London, N.



Monday.—For the sake of a little variety, this morning I went to Jay's. I was visiting a sick friend the other day—a pretty woman she is, too, and very pretty she looked in bed, in a spotted pink silk jacket—when she observed to me solemnly, “Do you really spend as much time at Jay's as you assert in your Diary?”

cry of fashion? Where, indeed, I ask again, should she go? Should this woman with a proper appreciation of frocks want a tea-gown, she should go after me to the department devoted to such luxuries at this establishment in Regent Circus. I wonder if it be true that Jay's is the Charles the First's head of my Diary? I cannot keep it out, as old



CHIFFON AND LACE TEA-GOWN AT JAY'S.

[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE WALKING-DRESS.

Shamefacedly I said I did; but when a woman who is unable to visit Paris adores clothes of the very best and most beautiful and most expensive, how can she indulge her fancy for them save by a visit to these special artists in frocks, whose footsteps follow so closely on the footsteps of the French and who invariably hear the first echo of the last

Mrs. Trot said of the donkeys, which sounds like another story, but is really the same one.

This morning I have been looking at the tea-gowns at Jay's—there! the truth will out—and I saw several of the most exquisite. One of glacé silk in an apricot shade was embroidered all over with tiny ribbons,

little groups of pink roses, the fronts being adorned with the roses, interspersed with a design of shaded-blue chenille bordered with straw; the scolloped edge showed an insertion of lace, while the front was of finely kilted white chiffon, with a little bolero of finely embroidered needlework at the top, bands of the same extending from the waist to the knee, with a Louis XVI. coat effect. Another gown of wonderful detail was made of white Liberty satin, covered with fine chiffon, upon which were embroidered huge écrù lace bows. The neck of this was open, with a fichu hemmed with frills, bordered with gathered ribbon; and round the waist was a girdle and pocket of gold, while beneath the full, open sleeves of the lace shimmered tight sleeves of gold and net. An exquisite gown of pale pink was of poult-de-soie, with the front showing a ruching of pink chiffon in bow design up to the knees, the back and train and top being made of cream-coloured lace, frilled with lace traced with a design in baby ribbon in pink, and the neck of this was open again. What a wise decision of the powers to leave the throat in a tea-gown bare! Thus may we at pleasure call it a dinner-gown. There was another dress, also of chiffon and lace, with little rosettes of satin ribbon at either side of the kilted front. I wired to my long-suffering artist to come and sketch this for me. The skirt was of lace, pointed down the centre of the back, and displaying a little design of baby-ribbon; the throat was cut in a round, edged with pink chiffon, while the bodice was entirely made of chiffon set into innumerable little bouillonnées. This is the special model I propose to copy in cornflower-blue chiffon, with some tambour lace; it would be most pleasing.

Jay's have some delightful shirts up in this department—one of cornflower-blue glacé, run into hundreds of little tucks, is goodly to look upon, and another is of red glacé, a double cording at intervals all over it, cut a little round at the neck, outlined with a medallion pattern of lace, bordered with a piping of cherry-coloured velvet, with the front right up to the throat of spotted lisso and lace. But, really, words cannot describe those clothes properly; they want to be seen, seen at once, and when seen bought. And among the many models to be treated in this fashion is a shirt of crêpe-de-Chine in hyacinth-blue, tucked, bordered with a narrow line of black velvet ribbon, cut in bolero fashion to display a vest and yoke of the finest white Irish lace.

That suffering friend of mine must have this "Diary" kept from her eyes this week. I shall send down word to tell her maid the excitement of reading of such clothes is not good for her mistress; thus shall I avoid once more the question, "Do you really spend all your time at Jay's?"

Wednesday.—Slowly but surely my family are returning from their Easter holidays. Julia, after holding forth for many weeks on the wonderful trips she was about to make into the heart of the country, into the land of Germany, within the sacred precincts of Stratford-on-Avon, into the ravines of Devonshire, ultimately went on a bicyclette ride as far as Harrow and back. She is a great traveller, theoretically, is my Julia. She bought a new portmanteau at Foot's, and there she felt her responsibilities ended.

There is much pleasure in cycling to Harrow when you can sit in the garden of the hotel there and watch the big trees on the lawn getting green and in the orchard in the distance getting pink.

Florrie was more enterprising; she went to Westgate, where the wind obtrusively interfered with her cycling, so she sat in the house learning to play picquet from her husband. This sounds a profitable investment for her husband. She has a new dark-red dress of very pleasing detail, with the bodice showing three little Directoire collars round the neck, a pouched front, and the revers faced with écrù linen with lace insertions. She wears it with a pale-pink Liberty satin shirt and tie to match, and crowns it with a hat of dark-red straw trimmed with many shaded poppies. Dark-red being a somewhat unpopular colour in London, it has the charms of the unusual as well as of the elegant. I have seen a great deal of Gertie during the last two or three days. She is very busy buying herself shirts in batiste, hand-embroidered in white, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and beading. These are the ideal of the kind, and most expensive. Why does not some enterprising person devote herself entirely to the manufacture of the decorative shirt—soft and flimsy in detail, and not appallingly expensive in price? Had I but any spare moments I would start the establishment. The best shirts which put in their appearance last year showed insertions of old lace alternating with tucks of the finest lawn. These were made to fasten down the back, pouch slightly in the front, and had old-fashioned Garibaldi sleeves. Under their influence the possession of a short length of old lace insertion became a richness and no longer an embarrassment.

To-night the entire family met at dinner at the Luddingtons'. To dine at the Luddingtons' means plover's eggs, broad-beans, strawberries and cream, and all the possible delicacies in and out of season—Jimmy recognising that the first duty he owes to his friends is to feed them well. Diana wore a charming gown with a train of the finest black lace mounted over very closely pleated white chiffon much frilled on the hem, the train of black lace showing a frill of black lace worked with baby-ribbons in white, while at the neck a wired Medici collar of black lace

stood out, the front being cut in a round, the sleeves fitting tightly, made of the black lace. In her hair she wore one of the latest ornaments, formed of a black diamanté tulle pouf and a single pink rose standing aloft. The costume formed a delightful combination of the easy tea-gown and the more severe dinner-dress. It is wonderfully difficult to keep the Tenth Commandment when in the company of my friend Diana. She does not follow the fashion, she catches it, and never lets one of its details escape from her grasp.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

RENÉE.—You should wear crape for twelve months, without any white; no jewellery except jet. Black tulle is quite permissible in your hat, and black feathers; dull jet trimming may be worn, but not the turn-over muslin collars for at least six months. You can get these from Jay's, of Regent Circus. For the summer, get a very dull-black alpaca; you will find it cool, and you can wear it with a chiffon shirt, hemming the revers with crape and putting a fold of the same on to the skirt.

HELIOTROPE.—A hat I liked immensely is to be found at Yorke's, 12, Clifford Street. The brim turns down on the face, narrow in the front and rather wide at the sides, made in deep-purple straw lined with pink; with the crown covered with pink and violet convolvuli it would accompany any dress with elegance. Its price is, I think, three guineas or three and a-half—I am not quite certain, but everything on it is of the best possible quality. A white shirt with a muslin tie, I recommend, trimmed with beading and lace frills on the hem.

SUN-MAIDEN.—Have a black-and-white tweed skirt and a black cloth coat, the coat to be made single-breasted, with rounded corners and a basque without any fulness, a band of black suède round the top of the skirt, fastened with steel clasps—you can get such belts at Jay's, in Regent Circus; white soft satin or tucked muslin shirts; a black hat turned up from the face, with a black tulle



[Copyright.]

HATS AT MADAME YORKE'S.

rosette fastened with a diamond buckle, and a couple of quills slanting to one side. Black suède gloves, I prefer, or you could wear white kid ones.

CHESTNUT.—Glacé ties with hem-stitchings are very pretty; and plaid ribbon neckties and white muslin ties I like, and for all such I commend you to Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street. Here, too, you can get excellent gloves—but be sure you buy the best quality.

JESSICA.—A Panama hat, by all means. Put a scarf of ivory lace round it, fastened in the front with a rosette of black velvet, and a white feather and a black feather extending on either side round the brim. If you need a cache-peigne, black velvet rosettes would cover it, but I should hardly think you would find one necessary. The revers to the coat should be covered with Irish lace, the waistcoat light. I should prefer cream-coloured chiffon or lisso. Very attractive shirts are made of red-and-white foulard, with white lawn collars and neckties to match the shirt. These are plain in detail, showing only tucks over the shoulders, and just a few at the wrists and on the sleeves. You may write whenever you like.

CLARISSA.—You can get the most delightful muslins fit for children's dresses from Liberty's, in Regent Street. A very simple way is to tuck the yoke at the top and let the dress flow thence to the ground, if you like these long gowns, and have Garibaldi sleeves, or sleeves with short puffs on the top, fitting tightly below these to the wrist.

BROWNIE.—I am very much obliged for your letter, and appreciate what you say sincerely. You can easily alter that blouse by keeping it open down to the waist, turning it back round the shoulders with a large sailor-collar made of tucks of écrù lawn edged with Irish lace, and letting it reveal a waistcoat made of the tucks of the lawn and lace. It is a very difficult matter to decide which is the best bicycle. Every person I know will solemnly declare that his or her own is absolutely invincible. The great thing is, I expect, to get a machine exactly suited to your figure, but under no circumstances be persuaded to buy a cheap one. The absolutely best is always desirable in machinery of all descriptions.

VIRGINIA.

N O T E.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on April 27.

MONEY.

A sense of relief was experienced in the Money Market on Thursday last when it was found that the Bank of England directors had made no alteration in the official rate. It therefore remains at 4 per cent., the figure to which it had been raised on the previous week. This compares with 2½ per cent. a year ago. The increase of the rate to 4 per cent. was recognised as a precautionary measure, brought about by the critical state of affairs between America and Spain, for, in the event of an actual outbreak of hostilities, there would be a considerable demand for gold from the other side of the Atlantic. While we write, there seems little hope of war being averted, in which case we may be prepared for a further rise in the rate. Turning to the Bank of England Return, we find that the position had somewhat improved as compared with the previous week, the ratio of reserve to liabilities having advanced from 37½ to 38½ per cent. The principal movements were decreases of £638,082 in "Public Deposits" and of £556,456 in "Other Deposits." "Other Securities" were also reduced by £1,324,090, while there was a loss of "Coin and Bullion" to the extent of £537,985. At the end of the week there was a good supply of fine bills at 37, while short loans were quoted at 2½ to 2¾ per cent. The price current in the open market for bar gold was 77s. 10½d. per ounce, without, however, very much inquiry for the metal.

HOME RAILS.

This department has been considerably under the influence of the present political complications, and the uncertainty as to the course of the Money Market in the near future has led to realisations on rather a large scale. In the meantime, however, the traffic returns keep satisfactory. The figures last published show very substantial gains when compared with the corresponding period of 1897, but the comparison is vitiated owing to the Easter holidays being included this year, while they occurred in a different week last year. The increase in Lancashire and Yorkshire amounted to £19,421, London and South-Western, £17,670; Great Eastern, £15,499; South-Eastern, £15,379; and London and Brighton, £14,865. The aggregate increases for the fourteen weeks are beginning to assume fairly good dimensions. Thus London and North-Western show an increase of £76,714 for that period; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £51,477; London and South-Western, £49,883; Great Eastern, £46,749; Midland, £45,586; Great Western, £45,300; and Great Northern, £44,551. Of course, investors must calculate upon a large proportion of these increases being absorbed in extra capital and working expenses, but the prospects of Home Rails cannot be said to be discouraging, as it is quite evident from the traffic returns that the general trade of the country is improving. From the *Railway News* we find that the traffic receipts for the week ended April 10, which includes the first portion of the Easter holiday receipts, of the fifty-three railways of the United Kingdom which make weekly returns, amount to £1,725,209. The corresponding figures of last year were £1,610,942, thus showing an increase of £114,267. The aggregate receipts for the fourteen weeks of the current half-year amount to £21,865,399, being an increase of £598,302 as compared with the corresponding figures in 1897. These figures cannot be looked upon as otherwise than satisfactory.

HIGHLAND RAILWAY REPORT.

Although there is nothing in the Highland Railway report for the half-year ended Feb. 28 to fill shareholders with enthusiasm, it is satisfactory to find that the directors are able to recommend a distribution at the rate of ½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock, which compares with nothing a year ago. The accounts show an increase of £11,244 in gross receipts, the chief items being an increase in goods and minerals of £7727 and in passengers of £2,434. On the other hand, there was an increase in working expenses of £8674, the principal item under this head being an advance of £3332 in the cost of locomotive power. The proportion of working expenses to receipts shows a slight improvement, the percentage being 63·50 against 64·38 per cent. a year ago. The open nature of the winter has, no doubt, been the chief cause of the improvement in the figures generally, which, after all, are nothing to boast of.

YANKEES.

Market movements in this department, while we write, are regulated entirely by the telegraphic news which comes forward at short intervals from America. The present tension cannot be sustained much longer, and probably before these words are in print the question as to whether America and Spain are to go to war or not will be decided, though, in the opinion of some people, the adoption by the Senate of Mr. Turpie's amendment recognising "the Republic of Cuba" must lead to a more or less pronounced conflict between the two American Chambers, and thus cause delay. In the meantime, there are few operators who care to increase their commitments, and any business that is being done comes under the heading of a gamble pure and simple. Under such circumstances, the merits or demerits of any particular company have little bearing upon the market price of its shares. In our opinion, there must be war.

THE SETTLEMENT.

In most departments the making-up prices last week disclosed a further falling away in values as compared with the previous Account. Colonial Government securities were almost without exception lower, the

falls ranging from 3 points downwards. An exception to the general rule was to be found in the case of American stocks and shares, which showed a fairly substantial recovery during the currency of the Account, although at the time of writing a considerable proportion of these rises have already run off, and prices look as if they would be subject to a still further decline, unless the present political tension is relieved. In Foreign stocks the most prominent movements were in Brazilian securities, which suffered considerably owing to the fall of exchange. The loans of 1888 and 1889 were carried over at 6½ and 5½ points lower respectively. Foreign Railways were generally weaker, but the rises and falls in the Commercial section were pretty equally balanced. A fairly good recovery took place in Kaffir shares during the Account, but Westralians were distinctly off colour, being in the majority of cases carried over lower. There was no distinctive feature either in New Zealanders or the Miscellaneous Market, business having been reduced to a mere form in these departments.

RIO TINTO.

The shareholders of this enterprising company are to be congratulated upon the results of the past year's working. The chairman was able to inform the meeting on Thursday last that the profits on sales of produce exceeded those of 1896 by no less than £159,420, while the net profits were £120,277 in excess. This has enabled the directors to declare a final dividend on the Ordinary shares of the company of 20s. per share, making, with the interim dividend paid in November last, a total distribution at the rate of 40 per cent. for the year. This is a record dividend for the company, and the directors, besides this, are able to carry the substantial sum of £40,000 to reserve fund. As an evidence of the appreciation with which these results were received by the shareholders, one of their number proposed "That the sum of £5000 in excess of their ordinary emoluments be granted to the directors for the fine way in which they had managed our business." The chairman, however, while stating that the motion was very gratifying to the directors, said they were advised that it was not legal to pass a resolution of this kind without due notice, and they did not, therefore, see their way to accept the offer. This little technical difficulty is one, however, which doubtless could easily be got over, and possibly the shareholders will eventually be able to carry out this graceful act as a mark of appreciation to the Board. If this resolution is carried out, its sentiments will form a very striking contrast to those generally expressed at meetings of mining companies.

TRANSVAAL GOLD YIELD.

The total returns of mines for the outside districts of the Transvaal for March have now been received from the Chamber of Mines of the South African Republic. These returns amounted to 21,736 oz., the total of all mines of the Transvaal making returns to the Chamber amounting to 347,643 oz. This compares with 321,238 oz. in February, and 336,577 in January. The Witwatersrand yield alone for March was 325,907 oz., which compares with 232,067 oz. in the corresponding month of 1897, and 173,952 oz. in 1896. These figures are very satisfactory, and would doubtless have had the effect of influencing prices for the better if the markets had been free from the present excitement.

THE "CHARTERED" COMPANY'S REPORT.

The three voluminous pamphlets which constitute the long-delayed report of this forlorn failure are about the saddest reading we have seen for some time. The worst that has been said about the company in the columns of *The Sketch* and other papers proves to be short of the truth. The report is only brought down to March 31, 1897, so that the further throwing away of money on a barren land which has been going on during the last twelve months does not appear in the accounts, but what does appear amounts briefly to this: That, apart from money lost in buying shares at huge premiums, apart from money thrown away on the multitude of melancholy abortions of subsidiary companies promoted by the parent company, the latter has received directly from the public £3,491,072 on its share capital and £1,258,397 on its debentures, and, though the company has been in existence between eight and nine years, and has never paid a dividend, it must either get its long-suffering shareholders to find another half-million at once or else it must put up its shutters.

That the shareholders' money is all lost is, unfortunately, only a small part of the truth. In all human probability, there are not sufficient gold-deposits in Rhodesia to attract or support a large mining population, and consequently the Chartered Company's debentures are as worthless as its shares. Meanwhile, it has made itself responsible for twenty years to pay the interest on £2,000,000 expended on the Bulawayo Railway, and for a somewhat longer period on the £1,150,000 debentures already issued and for those still to be issued by the Mashonaland Railway Company; and now it seems that the directors propose "to join, under due safeguards, in providing the capital necessary for the development of particular" mining "properties," over which in all probability—long before twenty years have expired—wild beasts and wilder men will be wandering as free from the interference of white men as they were before the British Government was deluded by Mr. Rhodes's enthusiasm into granting the company's disastrous charter.

LONDON AND BRAZILIAN BANK.

As an instance of the serious effect that the fall of exchange in Brazil has upon financial institutions doing business with that country, we have only to refer to the report and balance-sheet of the London and Brazilian Bank recently issued. We gather from that document that, owing to the continuous fall in exchange since the

directors' last report a year ago, the capital of the bank employed in Brazil shows a further serious depreciation. The capital employed in Brazil now stands in the books of the bank at the exchange of 12d. per milreis, and the depreciation in value thereof at the rate of 6d. amounts to £140,167. Owing, however, to the capital employed in the River Plate having appreciated through the favourable movement of exchange there to the extent of £16,763, the net depreciation is reduced to £123,404. The result of the adverse movement in the Brazilian exchange has obliged the directors to make provision for this further depreciation out of the profits of the year's working. Although the accounts show an increase in the available balance of over £15,000, yet the shareholders will have to rest satisfied with a dividend of 10 per cent., minus the bonus of 4 per cent. which they received in addition to that dividend last year. In other respects, the business of the bank appears to be going on very satisfactorily.

SOUTH WALES COAL STATISTICS.

In view of the present labour crisis in South Wales, it may be interesting to our readers to have before them some figures relating to the exports of coal from that part of the country, which will show the magnitude of that industry. During the year 1897 the total exports of coal (foreign and coastwise) from the ports of South Wales and Monmouthshire amounted to no less than 20,364,070 tons, against 19,160,381 exported in 1896. The bulk of the shipments are from Cardiff, the total shipped from that port in 1897 being as much as 17,194,510 tons out of the total of 20,364,070 shipped from South Wales and Monmouthshire. It will be seen from these figures how serious the effect of the continuance of the present strike will be not only to South Wales, but also to those interested in the shipment of coal to ports all over the world.

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

This company, which held its thirteenth ordinary general meeting, was able to report steady advance in all its departments, but wisely confined its dividend to 4 per cent., preferring the strengthening of its financial position by writing down its stock to dividing their earnings up to the hilt. The great development of amateur photography has induced the company to organise a special department fully equipped for the sole execution of amateurs' requirements, and this department in its turn is satisfactorily developing their trade in Elswick cycles. The company claims also to be advancing, not merely with the times, but in front of the times, in regard to colour-photography, Röntgen or X-rays photography, and other novelties.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM COMPANY.

Persistent rumours that a serious hitch had occurred in the transfer of the property led to a very heavy fall in the price of these shares last week. The rumour, however, appears to have been without foundation, and a sharp recovery in the price took place at the end of the week. At a meeting to be called shortly for the purpose, the Board will submit a proposition for the splitting of the £10 shares into £1 shares, which will be a great improvement from a market point of view.

THE SALT UNION.

A resolute attempt is being made by those employés of the Salt Union who dread the broom of reform to throw dust in the eyes of the shareholders and thwart the efforts of their duly elected committee to remove the headquarters of the company to Liverpool, to strengthen the Board of Directors (by adding commercial men of standing in Liverpool), and to thoroughly examine and (where found faulty) reform the management of the company. It should be borne carefully in mind that this Shareholders' Committee is the only body duly and legally appointed by the shareholders in general meeting assembled, every shareholder having received notice of the proposed resolution appointing them. The committee has done good work. It has succeeded in getting five gentlemen of the very highest standing in Liverpool—successful commercial men of unblemished reputation and tried ability, with characters to lose—to allow their names to be submitted to the shareholders. The standing of these gentlemen may be gathered from the simple fact that they have been nominated by the holders of more than £260,000 of the share capital of the company, including Mr. Thomas H. Ismay, J.P., D.L., the justly respected Chairman of the White Star Line. Mr. Ismay's name is known and esteemed throughout the world, and the fact that he, as one of the large shareholders of the Salt Union, has nominated the five gentlemen proposed by the Shareholders' Committee, will satisfy all intelligent shareholders that the committee have succeeded in getting good men. No one knows the commercial men of Liverpool better than Mr. Ismay.

The further fact that one of these proposed new directors was Member for Liverpool for as long as he could be induced to serve, and that another is the able Vice-President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, shows the sort of men selected, and the other three gentlemen are, we believe, equally good.

So much for the Shareholders' Committee. Now let us see what can be said for the opposition that is being organised against them. A circular has been issued by seven gentlemen who describe themselves as the "Committee of the Salt Union Shareholders' Association." Now what is the "Salt Union Shareholders' Association"? Who created it? What authority has it to speak or act on behalf of the shareholders? Who are its members? When was it formed? We invite answers to these questions. We cannot answer them ourselves, nor have we yet met anyone who ever heard of this association before its "Committee" issued the ungrammatical circular which is now before us.

At the same time, the secret leaders of this "Cave of Adullam" have shown some ingenuity in confusing the facts and puzzling the shareholders. The chairman of the Shareholders' Committee being called "McDowell," the Adullamites have selected as their chairman a gentleman called "McDougall," from which much, no doubt intentional, confusion has resulted.

Although we cannot find out anything about the "Association" of which Dr. McDougall figures as "chairman," we have succeeded in getting a little information as to the members of its so-called "Committee." Besides Dr. McDougall himself—an intimate personal friend of Mr. Fells, the General Manager under whose management the Salt Union's trade and profits have steadily dwindled—there are two other local medical practitioners, two Cheshire farmers, a gentleman at Clapham (who holds twenty shares all told), and a director of the Manchester Ship Canal, who has a modest holding of seventy Ordinary shares in the Salt Union, and is himself being put forward for a seat on the Salt Union Board. The whole lot of them scarcely hold one-fourth of the shares held by Mr. McDowell, whom they set themselves up to attack.

These are the gentlemen who arrogate to themselves the right to speak, on behalf of the 5000 shareholders of the Union, in opposition to the committee legally and publicly elected by the shareholders themselves. These are the committee put forward by the Adullamites, but who are the secret leaders of "the cave"? The secret has been well kept, but it has to leak out at last. Of the five new directors put forward in opposition to the really first-rate men obtained by the Shareholders' Committee, three consist of Mr. Fells, the General Manager, and two of his subordinates. It may or may not be that Mr. Fells is a good General Manager. We say nothing to the contrary, except that, for several years, since he was promoted from the accountancy department, he has had an absolutely free hand. The Board has supported him in every way, and he has completely "ruled the roast." If the cooking has been to the satisfaction of the shareholders, there is nothing more to say, but one thing is absolutely certain. If the new directors nominated by the Shareholders' Committee and by Mr. Ismay and by Mr. Caird (a holder of 4100 shares), and by Mr. Herbert Worthington (who was one of the very oldest salt proprietors, and is a holder of 4050 shares), and by most of the other very large shareholders, are elected, *the cooking will be looked into*, while it is equally certain that Mr. Fells and his henchman, Dr. McDougall, and the other members of "The Cave of Adullam," are resolutely determined that, if they can prevent it, the cooking shall not be looked into. The issue is now plainly before the shareholders, and, if they are not very foolish, they will heartily support the appointment of Messrs. Alexander, Cox, Holt, Roxburgh, and Royden.

Saturday, April 16, 1893.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ALEC.—The "tips" of which you send us cuttings have, in almost identical terms, appeared in a good many papers, so probably someone badly wants to unload. No. 1, described as "one of the most solid and carefully managed companies existing," paid 10 per cent. for ten years up to 1893, 6 per cent. in 1894, 5 per cent. for 1895 and 1896, and, on account of 1897, 2½ per cent. was paid last November. In 1894, £75,000 was transferred from reserve and suspense accounts "to provide for depreciation in securities." The paid-up capital is only £200,000, and it has more than £440,000 terminable debentures, besides £400,000 perpetuities. No. 2 is a similar concern; paid-up capital only £186,632, and the debentures £464,082, guaranteed mortgages £23,000, and loans £52,000.

A. J. B.—We are glad you are pleased with your allotment. We did our best for you. We cannot recommend any of the investments you name. (1) Too small to have a free market, and probably not intrinsically strong. (2) A respectable business, but the underwriters were rather "stuck," and that keeps the price down. They may very likely come all right in the end. (3) Highly speculative. Very little solid assets. Book debts too large, and said to be very bad.

Fix.—We doubt if any one of the three has intrinsic merits, but they are controlled by groups well able, when they like, to manipulate a market rise. Watch your opportunity to get out.

CAPEL COURT.—We have made inquiry, and find that all the small applicants were treated on one uniform plan.

G. R.—(1, 2, 3) Sell. (4, 5) Said to be doing well, quoted at about par. (6) Good.

F. M.—Five per cent. is rather a high rate of interest to expect. The bonds you mention are fairly good, but we do not recommend the shares. The prefs. of Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company, C. Arthur Pearson, or *Lady's Pictorial* are better. The debentures of the new Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company are also spoken well of. The late Governor of the island has just joined the Board as chairman.

VICBA.—The directors are good. The issue was fairly well subscribed for by the public, but we can express no opinion as to the value of the property.

C. E.—(1) Great scarcity of water and reef much disorganized. Impossible to say how it will turn out in the future. Present prospects very disheartening. (2) No quotation yet. Repeat your question next month.

A CONSTANT READER.—(1) Over-capitalised, but may recover in market price. If they were ours, we should sell. (2) No. (3) We have added your name to our list.

Novice.—(1) You might have done worse, but the shares are hard to sell, not being known over here. Get out when you can. (2) See answer to "F. M."

SPINA.—(1) See this week's Notes. If the new directors secured by the legal Shareholders' Committee are elected, we think you might average. If the opposition lot get in, sell at any price. (2) Leave them alone.

R. J. T. V.—Please comply with Rule 5.

W. L. S.—Probably valueless. Why not write to the liquidator? If you do not know who he is, make a search at Somerset House, or comply with Rule 5, and we will do so for you.

BINO.—At present there is no intention of making a public issue.

A. M.—Many thanks. The business taken over is doing well. There is a dispute with the vendors about the other.